

# Life

APRIL 22, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS



KITTY!  
KITTY!

OR

N



## Choose the Pen that Fits Your Hand

—Don't cramp your hand to fit a pen

Parker Duofold's Over-size Grip also provides an Over-size Ink Capacity

—the pen you can lend without a tremor, for its 25-year Point yields to any style of writing yet retains its original shape

FIND "Parker Duofold" on a Pen and you have a point hand-made and hand-picked. For here in the Parker plant pen-points are made by hand, inspection is severest, and only exceptional standards are acceptable.

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This point is guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years. Extra smooth and extra swift because of its polished Iridium tip hand-fused forever to the gold.

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Some makers of pens promise life-long endurance. More flexible pens claim only writing excellence. But Parker Duofold gives you both. That is why it's the costliest of points to make.

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Flashing Black and Gold, a pen of rare elegance—or Black-tipped Lacquer-red, handsome to own, hard to mislay.

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**Parker**  
**Duofold**

OVER-SIZE  
\$7



Rivals the beauty  
of the Scarlet  
Tanager

Red and Black  
Color Combination  
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With Lucky Curve Feed and 15 Year Point  
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*Goodbye buggy wheels!*



Will your new car reflect *tomorrow* -- or yesterday?

Already more than half of Europe's cars ride on Budd-Michelin Wheels—and a dozen of the most famous American makers have adopted them . . .

because they are steel  
because they are safe  
because they are convenient  
because they are beautiful

*Why are they safe?* Because they are steel. They never crack or splinter because steel doesn't crack or splinter. They never go to pieces because they aren't made of pieces.

*Why are they convenient?* Because an extra wheel carries the spare tire. When a tire goes flat, a few turns on the self-locking nuts at the hub, and the wheel is removed. The extra wheel is slipped in its place, and the nuts tightened. A three-minute job.

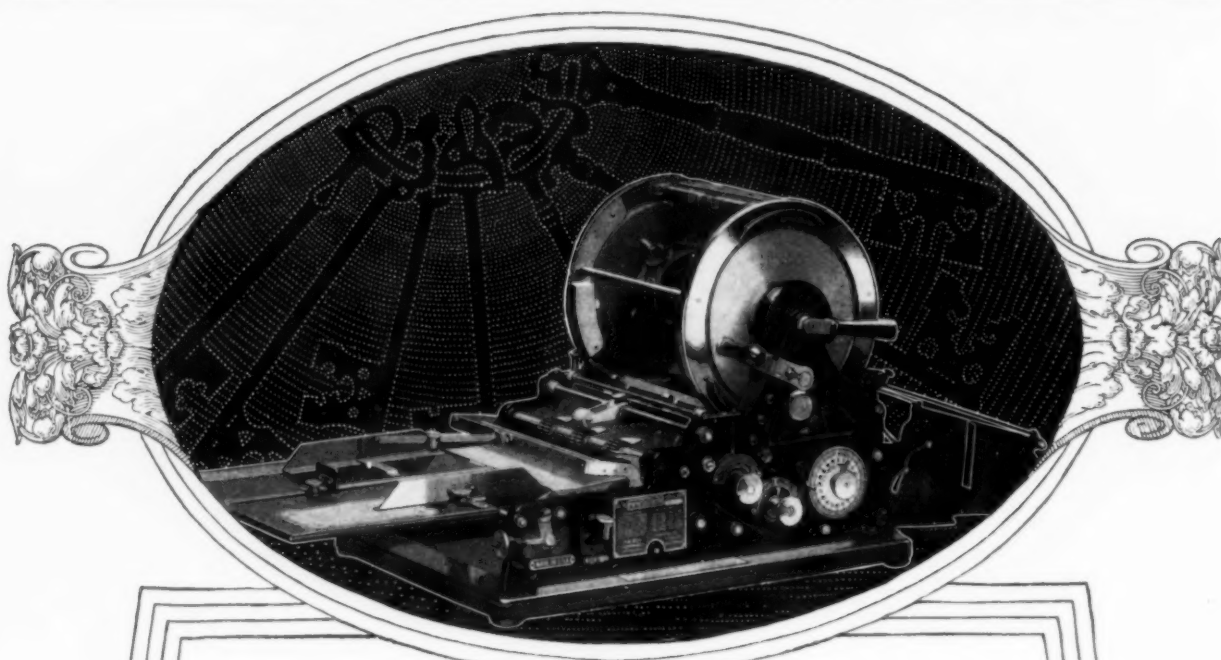
*Why are they beautiful?* Because they present a streamline surface—you see the wheels instead of the brakes. Because they are easily kept clean—you see the wheels instead of mud or dust. Because they have a last-

ing finish that only steel will take. Because everybody agrees they're beautiful!

*Why are they the wheels of tomorrow?* Because they aren't "happen-so" wheels that descended from the buggy. They were designed and made, in every particular, to meet the needs of a vehicle that weighs ten times as much and goes ten times as fast. They are *automobile* wheels.

Will your new automobile look like "tomorrow" — or "yesterday"?

**[Detroit...BUDD WHEEL COMPANY...Philadelphia]**



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In itself a key is merely a means to an end. It serves no good purpose until it is put into service. Then it becomes either an opener to something valued, or a safeguard. In an exact sense the Mimeograph is a key that opens many doors to business and educational opportunities. And it is ever a safeguard to economy. As the world's standard duplicator of all kinds of letters, bulletins, forms, diagrams, etc., it has proven itself a necessary part of the equipment of efficiency. Its hourly grist is thousands of well printed copies, done at almost negligible cost, without highly trained skill, and privately. Let us show you how the Mimeograph will open the way to new and better conditions for you. A request to the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, for booklet "W-4" will bring complete information, without obligation.

# M I M E O G R A P H

MIMEOGRAPH



APR 20 '26

# Life

## If They Talked as They Write

**FIRST BABBITT** (*extending hand*): My dear Mr. Grumble—

**SECOND BABBITT** (*pumping prof-fered fin*): Dear sir, beg to thank you for greeting of even date.

**F. B.**: Salutation received and contents duly noted. In reply wish to thank you for the same.

**S. B.**: Confirming our conversation of several weeks ago, wish to inquire in regard to health of wife and kiddies.

**F. B.**: Acknowledging your inquiry, can report that condition of health of wife and kiddies leaves nothing to be desired. Trusting similar report can be made of your dependents?

**S. B.**: Thanking you for recent communication, beg to state that health of matter referred to is sound. Wish to call attention to fact that wife went forward under date of April 1, destined for Washington via Baltimore for the purpose of visiting with her

mother, Mrs. Charles Gargle, 1219 Florida Avenue, West, Washington, D. C. Arrived same day in excellent condition.

**F. B.**: Referring to report of shipment, my thought is that visit is a worthwhile suggestion. Shall take up question of similar visit for my wife with her at earliest convenience and inform you as to outcome at first opportunity. In the event of a decision for same to go on trip, it occurs to me that arrangements might be perfected whereby you with Mr. Walter Tattle, Mr. Sam Gibboon, Mr. Henry B. Mc-Snort and myself could get together on a give-and-take basis and put the cards right on the table.

**S. B.**: In reply to your poker proposition, would state that your recent suggestion meets with my full approval.

**F. B.**: Shall endeavor to lay proposition before party referred to not later

than to-night and shall inform you as to outcome as quickly as may be practicable. Suggest that you confer with gentlemen referred to in order to get their angles on the situation and gather up loose ends.

**S. B.**: Your suggestion of even date seems to me very good and I am in hearty accord with same. Shall follow it as of this moment. Very truly yours—

**F. B.**: With best personal regards, Cordially yours ———

*Sterling Patterson.*

### Irony Unconscious

**JASPAH**: Mandy, what yo' call one of dese here men what marries mo' dan one woman—a Brighamist?

**MANDY**: No, dumbbell, dey calls 'at kind of a man a Moron.

**ADD** Similes of 1926: As full of promise as a physical culture ad.



UP-TO-DATE

**Mother**: HURRY, DARLING, THE GUESTS ARE HERE.

**Modern Miss**: YES, MOMMY. I'LL BE THERE IN TWO SHAKES OF A COCKTAIL.



"OH, LOOKY, MAMA, THE CHICKENS ARE ALL DOIN' THE CHARLESTON!"

### Definitions

**A** FILLING-STATION is a place where gasoline and oils are sold.

A good filling station is a place where you can blow up your tires, fill your radiator, drive on a ramp to change your oil, borrow a real jack, use the hose and the washing-stand, test and fill your battery, call a friend on the telephone, help yourself to a few matches, get a free road map and square yourself with the proprietor by purchasing three gallons of gasoline.

Bill Sykes.

### No Mediator

**EMPLOYER:** Sam, I hear you and George almost had a fight.

**SAM:** Yassah, boss, we all would 'a' had a terrible fracas, only they wasn't nobody there to hold us apart.

### What They Really Say

**I**N another minute or so the gong will ring for the championship fight. Seated on the stool in his corner, the champion is engaged in earnest conversation with his manager. The ringsiders notice this. "See, he's giving his man last-minute advice," they say; "he's going over their plan of campaign again."...

**MANAGER:** Well, I sees this promoter passin' in two guys as deadheads, an' I says to him, "Say, where's our cut comin' from on them two? We're fightin' fer a percentage, ain't we; not fer love."

**CHAMPION:** Thass th' stuff, kid; don't let them guys put nothin' over on us. Whadda you figger th' gate'll be?

**MANAGER:** Well, if that guy ain't passed in two more of his frien's when I wasn't lookin', it should go a hun'ed an' a half grand.

**CHAMPION:** Still, they's a couple of empty seats back there in th' fiftenth row.

**MANAGER (in alarm):** Where? (*He looks around.*) Oh, thass aw rite; th' ushers threw them two eggs out fer fightin'. Th' seats is paid fer.

**CHAMPION:** Whadda them two guys wanna fight fer when they ain't paid fer it?

**MANAGER:** I dunno; jes' a coupla saps, I guess.

**CHAMPION:** Say, you didn't forget to stick that St. Paul promoter fer two railroad fares out fer our next go, did you?

**MANAGER:** Do I look like a sap? An' I added another two grand fer trainin' expenses.

**CHAMPION:** Thass th' stuff.

The gong rings. The champion rises and slides indolently towards his opponent. They spar carefully. Voices among the ringsiders comment, "See, his manager told him to be cautious; he's going to take it slow at the start."

James Kevin McGuinness.

### The Hazard

**CLYDE:** She said if I married her I must give up golf.

**FRED:** What did you do?

"I made it in 74 yesterday!"



Sympathetic Twin Brother: OUCH, POP, THAT HURTS!

## Post Impressions

Paris

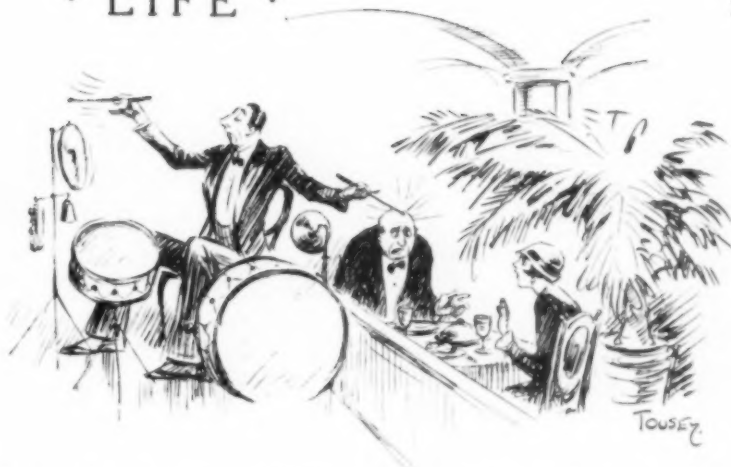
**A** BUXOM French lady on a street curb buttoning up little Gustav's trousers....A sleepy old man with corduroy pantaloons and sabots fishing in the Seine....A corpulent Professor-Doctor from Würzburg thumbing an old yellow musical score at a book stall on the Quays....A *vers libre* poet from Zanesville, Ohio, drinking absinthe in front of a student's café and trying to make love in *table d'hôte* French to a thin, ragged model....A pompous gentleman with voluminous Tolstois and a high hat, looking like a plenipotentiary in opera bouffe, about to enter a public bath, with a large bath-towel under his arm....A little old hat-man with a suit big enough for ex-President Taft, gazing longingly at the polished "stove-pipe" of a Sorbonne professor....A dandy with trousers cut sailor-fashion at the bottom, and Cuban heels, pausing to watch a midinette in a tight skirt mount an auto-bus....A Sunday-school superintendent from Little Neck surreptitiously buying a set of picture post-cards from a Hebraic guide who once ran a second-hand store on Third Avenue, New York....Two little girls in hideously stiff white dresses and cheesecloth veils going to Confirmation....A fat, Rabelaisian priest with a vermillion nose and a flat derby such as Joe Weber wore in "Hoity-Toity"....Two New York stockbrokers, at a sidewalk café, with huge cigars in the corners of their mouths, and their thumbs in their waistcoat armholes, trying to flirt with every woman under forty who passes by....An old lady from White Salmon, Wash., standing in front of a church, with her nose in a Baedeker....A Kiwanian from Chicago bawling at a *cocher* in Middle-West English....A 1898 vintage taxicab rattling along at forty miles an hour....A South American dandy, reeking with Coty's L'Origan.

Willard Huntington Wright.

### Aside from That—

**TIGHTWAD** (after dining): Here's a brand-new dime for yourself, my dear.

**WAITRESS** (sneetly ironical): Oodles of thanks, kind sir! But you don't look a bit like your pictures, Mr. Rockefeller.



Careless Trap-Drummer: CONFOUND IT! THAT COCONUT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S CRACKED AGAIN!

### She Gets Him

**"SPRING** has come upon us like a sweet and gentle maiden. The little winds are her lightly blowing scarfs. They touch our cheeks and their touch is warm and soft."

"Yeh?"

"The bluebird sits on the blossoming bough and trills and trills and trills. It is the voice of spring. It thrills and thrills and thrills. Oh, her words are

blown along on the winds, the winds."  
"Huh-huh."

"And the sky is a clear-blue crystal. It is some great bell hanging high above us and all the gladsome notes of spring beat against its sides. What music!"

"Gosh!"

"Somehow you understand me, Dagmar; you really *do* get the spirit of it all, don't you?" Raymond Kresensky.



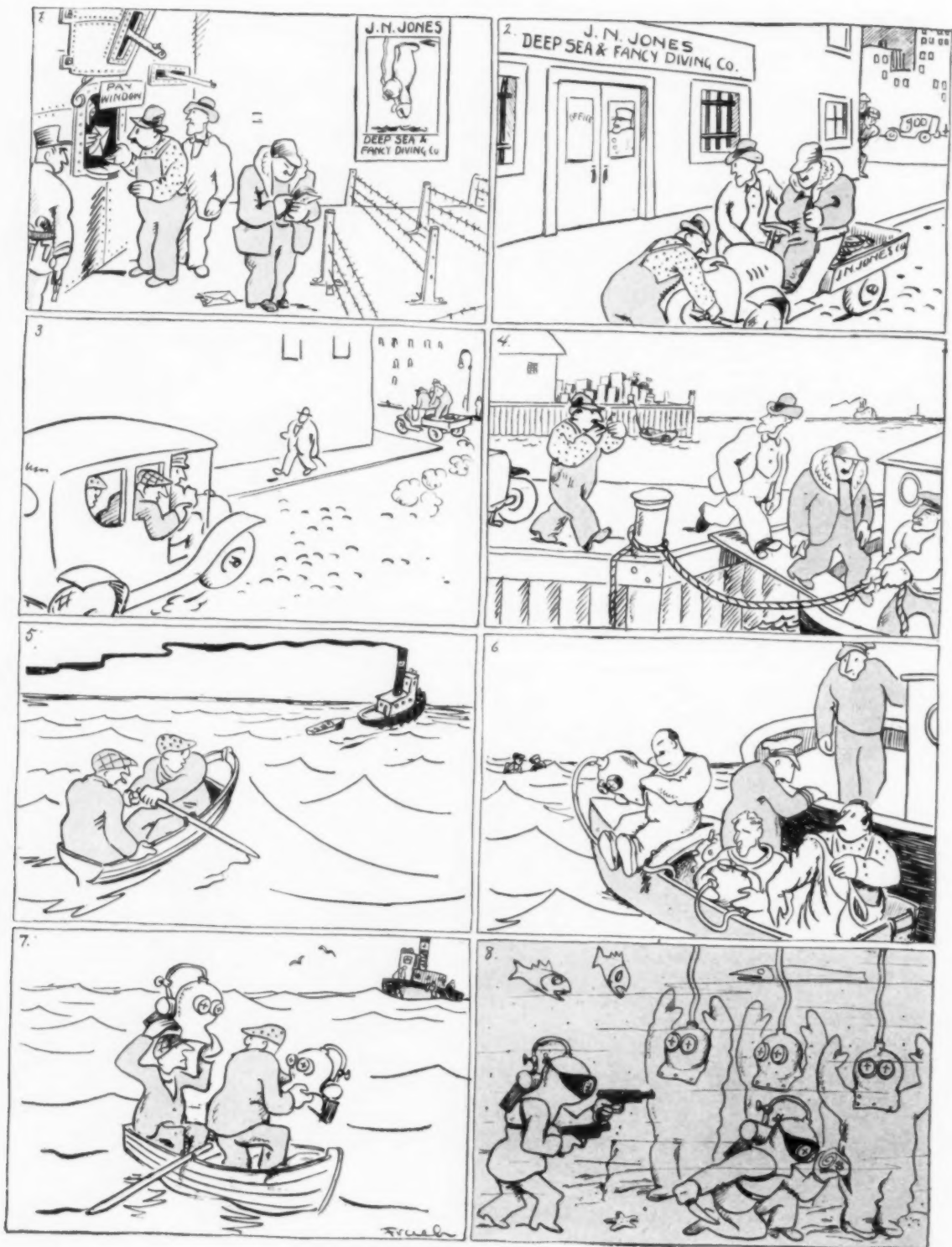
### IF IT ISN'T PAT AND MIKE!

"PAT, WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THE MATTER?"

"I JUST GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL—WAS OPERATED ON FOR APPENDICITIS."

"WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH THE LUMP ON YER HEAD?"

"WHY, IT'S GOT A LOT TO DO WITH IT. THEY RUN OUT OF ETHER."



The Divers' Pay Day



## A Roman Holiday

(SCENE: The Roman Coliseum on the occasion of the Big Police Field Day, promoted by A. Nero, Imp. Enter Marcus Marcellus, Mrs. Claudia Marcellus, little Caius Marcellus, three laprobes, a bag of sandwiches and a pint flask.)

**MARCUS:** Well, by Diana, here we are at last! Double-G, 6-7-8! Five sesterces each they stick us for tickets nowadays, an' then they shoot us 'way up in Nubian-heaven where you can't hardly see the arena. Swell management!

**CLAUDIA:** Pa, did you lock up the chariot?

**MARCUS:** Cert'nly I locked up the chariot. Wish somebody would swipe it, though—darned A. D. 56 model. But ever since I got out the insurance on it nobody'd lay a finger on it. That's always the way.

**CAIUS:** Pa, ain't it time for lunch yet? Pa, kin I have a samwidge? Pa, what's them fellers with white coats doing? Pa, who's the Gladiatorial College playin' to-day?

**MARCUS:** No, it ain't. No, you can't. They're sellin' programs. The Glads are playin' the Barbarians—you keep your eye on "Red" Valerian. Now shut up!

**CLAUDIA:** I just know I won't get a minute's enjoyment out of anything—not even the Wholesale Massacre—worryin' about that chariot. Pa, did you—

**MARCUS:** YES! Now keep quiet. You got everybody lookin' at us. By Atlas, if I ever take a woman an' a kid to the Coliseum again! Lookut, Ma! Lookut, Caius! They're gonna put the Martyrs through their initiation stunts with the lions. This is gonna be a scream!

**CLAUDIA:** I don't see a thing funny about it—the poor lions! What's more, I bet it'll take *hours* to drive back



*Giant:* WHERE IS THE INDIA RUBBER MAN?

*Dwarf:* HE JUST CURLED UP FOR A NAP.

home to the Sabine Hills, what with all this traffic. Don't you think we'd better start a little early, Pa?

**MARCUS:** My good Jupiter, woman, they ain't even *begun* yet! Here you been pesterin' me and pesterin' me for *weeks* to get tickets for you to this thing—and I'd as much as *invited* Antonius Vespasian to come along—and now you "want to start a little early!" By—

**CLAUDIA:** Antonius Vespasian! You an' your men friends! Hmpf! Last time I had him out to the villa for dinner—an' you better believe it *was* the "last time," too—here I spent all day cookin' up lampreys an' larks' tongues an' everything, yes, an' got out that old pre-Punic War Falernian wine, an' he showed up in an old sack-toga he'd been wearin' around the Forum all day, baggy an' all spots. Not that I *care*, but seems like he might have a *little* respect for his hostess—

**MARCUS:** Oh, look, here comes Valerian with the Gladiators—feller with No. XVII on his back. Come on, Red!

**CAIUS:** Pa, I wanna samwidge. Pa, kin I—

**CLAUDIA:** We won't get home till *dark*, traffic'll be so thick—

**MARCUS:** Now, by—

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

*Tip Bliss.*



## JUST GIRLS

"WHY, DELPHINE! YOUR HAIR IS ALL MUSS'D AND YOU LOOK A SIGHT."

"I KNOW IT. TOM IS COMING—"

"WELL?"

"I WANT TO MAKE HIM JEALOUS."

## One Among Many

THERE are 2,483 unnecessary laws on the statute books, according to a member of the Bar Association, but to save our life we can't think of the other 2,482.

### Spring Song

**B**ETWEEN the buds and the blossoms,  
When poets spring-idyls indite,  
Comes a time, in the seasonal sequence,  
That is known as the Doctors' Delight.

The web-footed mud larks are mating  
And building their nests in the drain;  
And hark to the gutter snipe, singing  
His bronchial song, in the rain!

The red-flanneled slicker is with us,  
The sore-throated flu-jay is here,  
The crocus is waiting to croak us—  
No wonder the medicos cheer!

George S. Chappell.

### The Film Salesman Becomes a Purveyor of Objets d'Art

**"M**AN, it's a knockout! It's got pathos—it's got action—it's got sex appeal—and it's funny! It's a scream!—a wow!

"Swell broad—eight foot tall—and class? She's got Swanson backed off the map. Not only that but she's got a big name. Venus D. Milo. Sure you have. You'd laugh your head off if you seen the dame losin' half her clothes! Great comedy situation. No, not smutty. Just snappy."

Ralph E. P. Lund.

### She Couldn't Miss It

**"A**ND when you get to New York I want you to be sure to see that movie I was telling you about," said Mrs. Amzi Billings, of Broken Bow, who had just returned with her husband from a buying trip. "It's on Broadway, right near the refreshment stand."

**NOW YOU  
TELL ONE**

*"I AM convinced," said Benito Mussolini, "that my jingoistic policy is antagonistic to the best interests of Italy and its neighbors. I therefore tender my resignation as Premier, Minister of War, etc., etc."*



DELINEAR MEASURE

"HOW OLD WOULD YOU SAY SHE IS?"

"MY DEAR, SHE CAN'T BE AN INCH OVER THIRTY-SIX."

### His Defense

**THE JUDGE:** You are charged with running your car sixty miles an hour, smashing a telegraph pole and a plate-glass window, and injuring six people. What have you to say?

**THE OFFENDER:** Great Scott, Judge, doesn't the fifteen dollars I paid for my license entitle me to any privileges at all?

**O**N reading that three hundred and forty French convicts had been sent to Devil's Island, members of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, etc., must have assumed that they were bound for Manhattan.

**THE Flapper** compared—Good, petter, pest.

### A Tip for William

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE** had just put the finishing touches on "Hamlet" and had gone to the seashore for a few days before starting on the first draft of "Macbeth."

"Mr. Shakespeare," asked a girl admirer who had recognized him from his picture in a tabloid, "did you ever think of trying your luck with scenarios?"

### Necessary

**STIMPSON:** So you've rented a box at the post office. Business must be booming, eh?

**NIBLIT:** Not at all. My wife has been answering a few vacation resort ads.



## · LIFE ·

### Cousin Julia from the Open Spaces

#### II. Julia Treats Herself

"WHERE are we off to after this?" whispered Julia to me towards the end of the first act. She was dressed in one of those restless evening gowns with the peripatetic shoulder-straps. The strap on the left acted almost human; every time Julia lifted it to her shoulder, down it would slide. As she spoke she carried the strap up to the top of the hill again.

It was obvious that she was getting tired of sitting, in spite of the fact that George and I, for the express purpose of keeping her entertained, had selected a show with three acts and seventeen scenes; we had viewed only four of the seventeen when Julia came out with this.

"There are six scenes in the next act," I said.

"But one of them says, 'Same as Act I, Scene I,'" said she.

We stayed until the scenes began to repeat, then hurried out and took a taxi to a place which George said had been recommended to him, called The Merry-Go-Round. It was down in the Village somewhere, nobody knows just where.

"They say his recitative has taken the city by storm," said Julia casually, as our driver amused himself by looping in and out among the supports of the Sixth Avenue "L."

"Who?" I finally made myself ask.

"Josmitski," said Julia. "Josmitski sings at The Merry-Go-Round."

"Oh, Josmitski," I said. "Sure."

"I never heard of him," said George.

"Russian singer," I told George.

"Father was Russian," corrected Julia. "Mother French. Born in Moscow."

We reached The Merry-Go-Round

after about a dollar's worth of taxicab, which we paid two-fifty for.

At the entrance was a man in white riding-breeches and black boots who gave us a playful flick with a whip as we entered the room.

"Not bad, old fellow," I said to George, as we waited for the coat-girl to get to the bottom of her newspaper column. I couldn't see much of the room because all the women were smok-

"Just a little Village party," I explained to Julia, who seemed hardly to notice the place.

Julia removed her coat and started the left shoulder-strap functioning. "Would you like a little gin?" she asked casually. "I forgot to mention it before."

"You with gin!" I exclaimed.

"I hope you don't think I'm green enough to come to this burg without garter-flasks," said Julia, fumbling beneath the table.

In a moment she brought up a small silver flask.

"We aren't so far behind New York," she said. "Say when."

At this instant there was a great clatter of applause and M. Josmitski himself entered with his ukulele. He was reciting, in a strong Russian accent, relieved now and then by a chord or two on the ukulele, words something like these:

"Bad man thought she looked good to him;  
He ran right around and caught her.  
You see, she'd hung her clothes on the hickory limb,  
But she hadn't gone near the water.  
That's the reason why,

Oh, Lordy, I

"M so lo-o-o-nely."

He gave several other reasons for his loneliness, none of them very conclusive. The crowd called him back half-a-dozen times, doubtless hoping that he would be able to explain it if he kept at it.

I looked at Julia once during the fifth reason. Her eyelids were half-shut and she didn't seem to be thinking about the song. When the crowd finally allowed Josmitski to rest a minute, Julia asked if one of us would be kind enough to



"YOU WITH GIN!" I EXCLAIMED.

ing, but in the center of the floor, carrying out the hallucination of a merry-go-round, I could see an old electric piano with brass pipes and such things; there was a drum concealed in it somewhere which it used a good deal. Patrons bulged out over the tops of their tables as if they were playing checkers and were holding the boards in their laps.

"It ought to amuse her for a while," said George modestly. "It's one of those different places, of course; just like all other different places."

"Oh, she'll enjoy it," I said.

We were shown to a table and wedged in.





shake her a cigarette; this was the only comment she made.

During the brief absence of M. Josmitski we drank what little gin there was in Julia's flask.

"Just a sec," said Julia, returning the empty flask below the table. After fumbling again she brought up another.

"Is it port this time?" asked George (which isn't bad considering how far it had to be fetched).

"No; starboard," said Julia, and in stepped M. Josmitski for the second time.

"Come on," said Julia. "I want to go somewhere else."

We told her we should have to wait until he finished singing. "We couldn't go now; he'd be sure to make a song about us as we left."

"He'd better not try it," said my cousin with a flash of her eyes. "Come on; I want to go now."

I knew it was a bad thing to do, but she said it in such a decided way that there was no resisting her. She returned the starboard flask, we paid the bill, and George hurried off for our hats and coats. Julia and I walked out on the dance-floor towards the exit. Then what I had prophesied began to happen; M. Josmitski, seeing us leav-

ing in the midst of his entertainment, began to recite his customary *l'envoi*:

"Good night, folks, from down on the farm!  
Don't forget, Si, to set the alarm  
For 'long about daybreak, so you can plough  
And Sal can feed the chickens and milk the cow;  
Get to bed early, sleep all night—"

His voice suddenly ceased.

"Julia!" I cried in a loud whisper. "For cat's sake!"

**C**OUSIN JULIA is one of those numerous sub-debs from Oregon or Nebraska who journey to New York to show the native Manhattanites around their own city.

Her further adventures in the great city will be chronicled in forthcoming issues of LIFE.

The illustrations are by Garrett Price.

My cousin had walked across the floor and was staring into the eyes of the famous Josmitski!

Silence fell over the room. People sat up straight in surprise. Then clearly came Julia's denunciation:

"JOE SMITH!" she hissed venomously.

The man staggered back a step.

"I know you! Don't I come from your home town! Wasn't I there when you were run out for this same sort of bunk!"

She lifted her hand slowly until directly under his nose, then gave her fingers a sharp snap. "JOE SMITH!"

In a minute we were on the sidewalk, hurrying into a taxi.

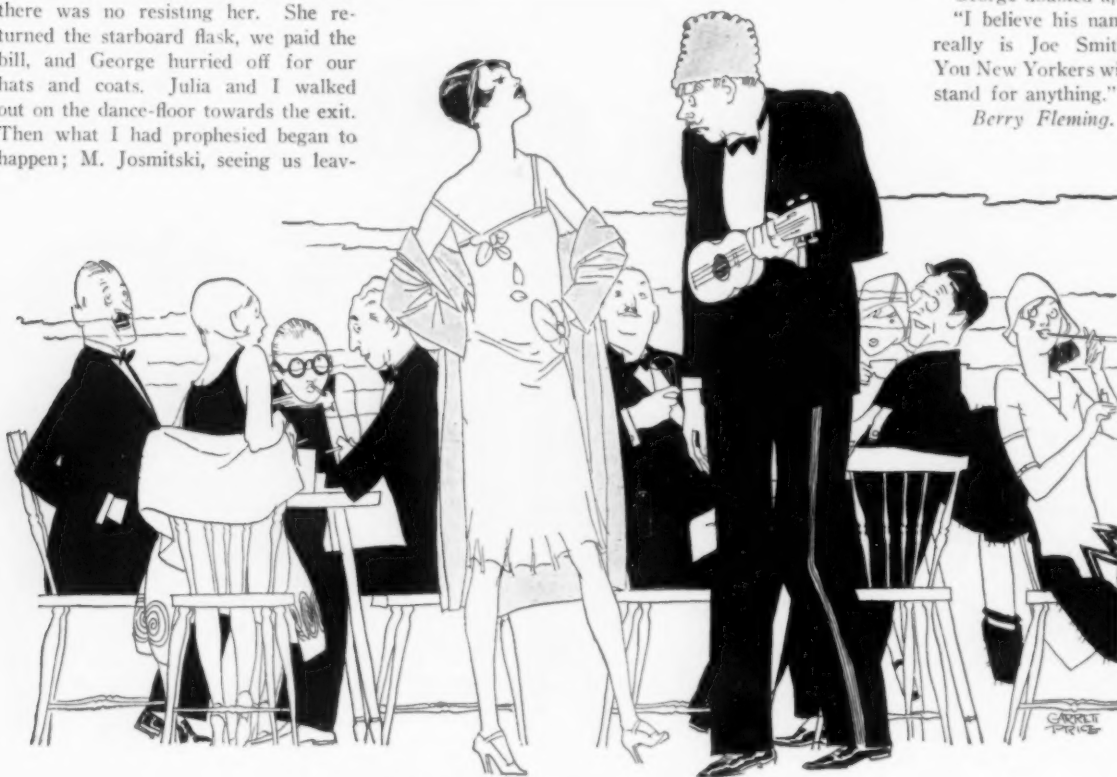
"Julia, Julia!" I said. "My dear girl, even if you did know him—"

"I didn't know him," said the astounding girl. "But I guess I've read about all those people being fakes. I've always wanted to call one."

George doubled up.

"I believe his name really is Joe Smith. You New Yorkers will stand for anything."

Berry Fleming.



"'JOE SMITH!' SHE HISSED VENOMOUSLY."





The Greater Inferno  
A Boom in Real Estate

## Life Lines

**A** MACHINE for applying mustard to hot dogs has just been put on the market. Thus cold science takes the romance from the open road!

—

"Princeton Gets Three Fish Four Hundred Million Years Old," says a headline. For use, no doubt, in the backfield during the Harvard game.

—

The National Treasury reports a surplus of \$270,000,000. There being no good wars to help us spend this money, we shall proceed to support national Prohibition enforcement in the manner to which it has become accustomed.

—

As we understand the European situation, a lot of ineligible participants in the last war and it may be necessary to play it over.

—

Archæologists in Egypt have unearthed a number of baskets left on the shore of an ancient lagoon 7,000 years ago. They are now searching for the car in which the picnickers got away.

—

A heavy drinker, warns a Dry leaflet, becomes so softened that his system cannot withstand the attack of disease germs. The Prohibitionists are a self-contradictory lot. Only yesterday they were referring to these softened drinkers as hardened drinkers.

—

There have been 238,818 prosecutions under the Volstead Act, according to the Department of Justice. This is going to be crushing news to the defendants if they ever hear about it.

—

A movement is on foot to celebrate May 1 as No Accident Day, and we offer the suggestion that if this movement is to succeed it had better stop going around on foot right now.

—

The Spanish Government is trying to put an end to professional begging; and over here, too, there don't seem to be so many society bazaars as formerly.

—

The jazz craze is definitely on the decline. Another minister has found some good in it.

—

"The commander of the Detroit Arctic Expedition stated that the cost of fried fish for one month for the sledge-dogs is greater than the cost of the sledge, which lasts for years."—*News item.*

It isn't the first cost that's expensive—it's the pupkeep.

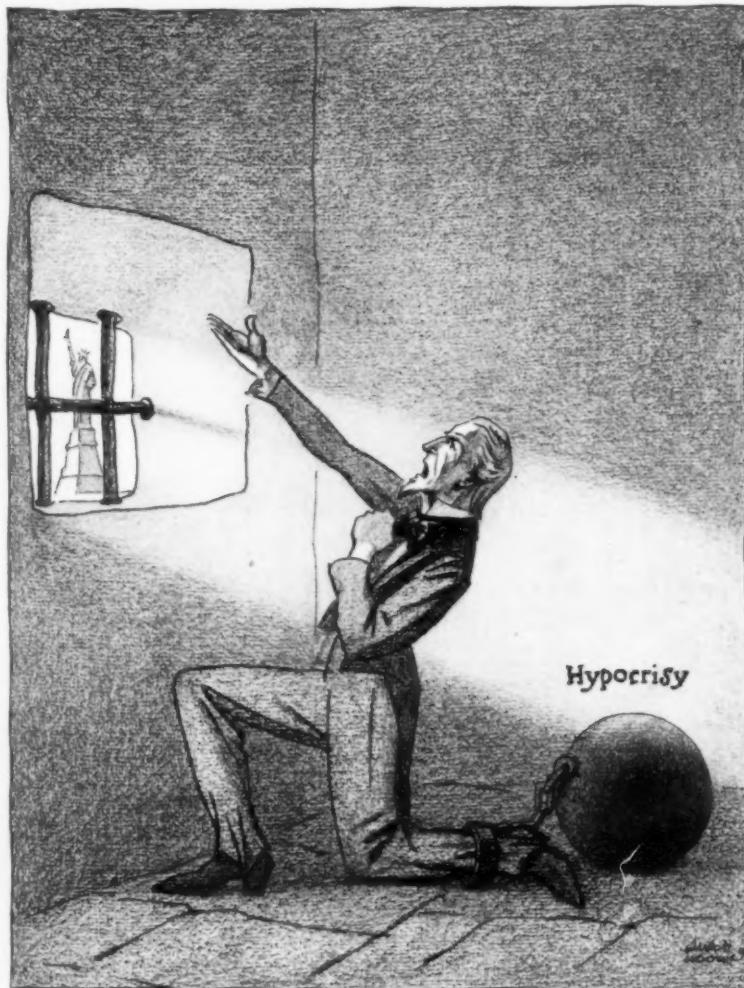
## The Old Story

**A**LL winter long he's been working it out,  
He swings like a perfect machine;  
He hasn't the slightest suspicion of doubt—  
He's good from the tee to the green.

He's putted on carpets and driven in nets,  
He's taken the tips from the pro's;  
There isn't a wrinkle he ever forgets—  
He's hitting the pill on the nose.

He reads all the golf magazines, all the books,  
He buys every species of club;  
But when he's confronted with bunkers and brooks—  
He plays like the usual dub! *Smoff.*

**C**HAUFFEUR: Shall I prepare the Rolls-Royce?  
MRS. ROCKSEY: No; the armored car. I'm going to wear all my jewels.



THE PRISONER'S SONG

"STRAIGHT TO THE ARMS OF MY LOVED ONE, AND THERE I'D BE WILLING TO DIE."



BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL

## Aladdin and the Jin

AT a strategic point on the south shore of Long Island dwelt Aladdin, a poor but honest fisherman, eking out a livelihood in the manner of poor but honest fishermen at strategic points on the south shore of Long Island. One morning, upon drawing his nets, he espied therein a curiously shaped bottle. He uncorked it and was automatically sniffing its contents, when out of the vessel poured an enormous Jin, who, as his increasing bulk filled the circumambient void, roared to the fisherman, "Greetings! I regret to inform you that nominally because of a vow, but actually just to show what a strong Jin I am, I shall presently celebrate my liberation by tearing you limb from limb."

"Huh!" ejaculated Aladdin; "where did you come from?"

"From out of the bottle in your hand," replied the Jin.

"Bottle nothing!" scoffed Aladdin. "You never came out of that little bottle!"

"Betcha!" answered the Jin.

"All right; betcha million dollars!" retorted Aladdin. "If you came out of the bottle, let's see you crawl in again."

"Can't be done," said the Jin, whose first name was Gordon; "this is a non-refillable bottle, Serial Number 876,546."

"I can get you in again," insisted Aladdin, doggedly.

"Go ahead," laughed the Jin, "I give you leave to try."

Then Aladdin, skilled as he was in the homely arts of the simple fisherfolk of the south shore of Long Island, deftly mixed the Jin with water and other suitable ingredients,

quickly poured him back into the non-refillable bottle, and abruptly clapped in the cork. Then he sealed the bottle with a nice lead cap and wrapped it so neatly in tissue paper that no expert could tell it from the genuine pre-war stuff.

And Aladdin, the honest fisherman, became king of the bootleggers.

Arthur Guiterman.



"AW, HE AIN'T NO THOROUGHbred!"

"HE IS TOO. HIS MOTHER WAS A THOROUGHbred SPANIEL AND HIS FATHER WAS A THOROUGHbred BEAGLE HOUND."

## Ho, Hum!

"WHAT America most needs is more love," declares Fritz Kunz, disciple of Dr. Annie Besant. By the way, can any one recommend a good five-cent cigar?



### Mr. Benchley Interviews Vice-President Dawes

INTERVIEWING Vice - Presidents is always a ticklish business, unless you happen to find one who isn't ticklish.

So I took General Dawes into my confidence right at the start.

"General Dawes," I said, "what is your feeling about the Senate?"

"You mean the Roman Senate, do you not?" asked the grizzled warrior.

"Well, yes, now that you speak of it," I replied. Here was a chance to have some fun at the expense of Catiline.

"The Senate is all right," said General Dawes. "It is the tribunes of the people that cause all the trouble. They and the lictors."

"How would you lictor have a glass of beer?" I asked the Vice-President.

Well, that got us to giggling, as you may very well imagine. First I would hit him, and then he would hit me.

"If the Senate rules were to be changed, so that for 'quorum' it should read 'jorum,' what would you think?" I asked him, spitting out two teeth (good ones, too).

"'Jorum' instead of 'quorum'?" he asked, stalling for time. "What would I think?"

"You heard me, Mr. Vice-President," I retorted.

"I should say, suh—" he began.

"I didn't know that you were from the South," I interrupted.

"I'm not. That was just something caught in my throat."

At this point, General Dawes

looked out the window. "Where are we?" he asked, peering into the darkness. "Is this New Haven we are coming into, porter?"

But the porter was just as much puzzled as General Dawes was, being a Southern Pacific porter on his first trip on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

"I could tell with a bit of litmus paper," he said.



"FUNNY THE STORK SHOULD BE THE SYMBOL OF BIRTH."

"IF YOU KNOW A BETTER BIRD, LET'S HAVE IT."

"ALL RIGHT."

"ALL RIGHT."

"THE CUCKOO."

Quickly I clapped my hand over General Dawes' mouth.

"Do you ever wonder, Mr. Vice-President," I asked him, "just what life is all about?"

"Do I?" said General Dawes from behind my palm. "That's all I ever wonder about."

"Wasn't it Voltaire who asked '*Que suis-je, ou suis-je, ou vais-je, et d'ou suis-je tiré?*'"

"That all sounds very silly," retorted the General in a rage. "And besides, there should be an accent over all those 'u's'."

"The General did not have his nap to-day," I explained to the conductor. "He is cross."

"This is my street anyway," said the Vice-President, hopping up and getting into his middy-blouse. And, without a word, he was gone.

Robert Benchley.

### From a Club Chair

IN my cynical moments I wonder if scholarship sometimes isn't the last refuge of the feeble-minded.

\*\*\*

The intellectual greatness of the French may lie in their accepting sex as *fait accompli*.

\*\*\*

The descendants of the money changers who were scourged out of the Temple have acquired enough by now to build temples of their own.

\*\*\*

Writing a good diary is an achievement of a sort; but it occurs to me that real achievement hardly would leave a man time to keep one.

\*\*\*

Even Cecil Rhodes' scholarships haven't been enough to give Oxford a winning track team.

James Kevin McGuinness.

### Felicity

"I'VE just been to see my doctor."

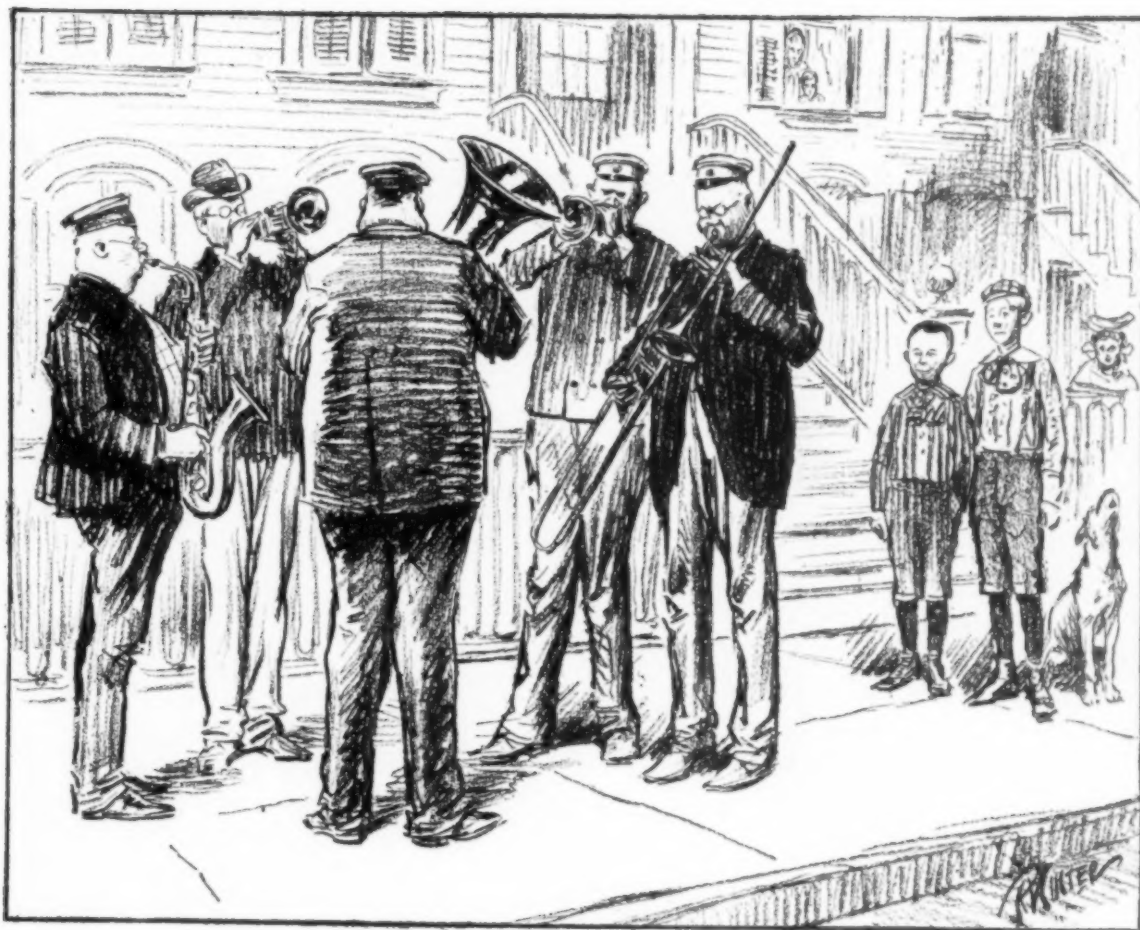
"What did he say?"

"He said the sweetest words that any woman can hear."

"Oh! Did he propose?"

"Heavens, no! He said, 'My dear, you're a very nervous woman!'"





THE GAY NINETIES

"Du, du liegst mir im Herzen,  
Du, du liegst mir im Sinn."

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**March 29th** Lunched this day with the Bonfoeys, just back from Europe, and Dutch, full of enthusiasm from his first trip over, did tell of his fine schemes for remoulding the Riviera more closely to the desires of the American heart, the low water pressure in the bathroom spigots at Monte Carlo having inspired him to a complete regeneration of the local reservoir system, and the constantly enforced and churchly silence in the Casino to the building of a rival temple of chance wherein a man whose number comes up may give what rousing cheers he likes. Because, quoth Dutch, where's the fun in winning money if you cannot whoop? And Mr. Harris, from Cap d'Aile, did tell how a woman who had lost heavily

all one afternoon had, upon ceasing play, swallowed an aspirin from a phial in her bag, and been seized immediately by two attendants, rushed through the baize doors to a hospital and subjected to a stomach pump despite all her protests and explanations. They did bring me two presents, too, a handsome piece of silver from Crichton's in London and a dozen monogrammed handkerchiefs from Paris, making it the most profitable day I have had in some time, and deepening my doubts as to whether it is more blessed to give than to receive. Then, Sam declaring for a Colonial afternoon, in which he abandons his labours and gives himself up to gin fizzes and congenial conversation, he, Effie Goings and I did return to our

house and sit pleasantly, if ineffectually, about, nor would we spoil our mood by letting any of the several acquaintances who telephoned break in upon us. But nought came of it to enrich the world's wisdom, our weightiest agreement being that we like for others to enthuse and agree on unimportant matters near to our own hearts, even though they prevaricate in order to be amiable.

**March 30th** A fine spring day of the sort which brings out the defections in one's rugs, hangings and wearing apparel and sets one a-thinking of little children on lawns, wine cups full of mint, etc., and before I knew it I was full of the most

(Continued on page 34)



APRIL 22, 1926

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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*  
R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*      CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*  
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*      LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*



GERALD CHAPMAN, bandit, thief, man-killer and all-round bad man, was hanged at Wethersfield Prison in Connecticut on April 6, very early in the morning.

For days before his end Chapman was the chief headline topic in the newspapers. What the papers have printed about him first and last would reach to the moon and back in column-wide print several times over. The cost of telling about it, of catching him, of trying him, of confining him, of resisting continuous and complicated efforts to get him off, has not been computed that one knows of, but must have been very large, probably exceeding the sum of all his robberies, which was very considerable. Well, finally he is hanged and the papers say, "He is dead." But how dead is he? His body is done for. He can't drive motor cars, kill patrolmen, rob banks and do those stunts any more so far as we know, but what about his spirit? His spirit is not dead. It has gone on into the next phase of life and what it will do there and how far it will be a malignant influence on earth life are matters one would like to know.

Capital punishment seems to be going steadily into disfavor. The main reason is that it does not seem to diminish crime. Out of the immense impatience with robberies, hold-ups and murders hereabouts comes a natural desire for drum-head trials for men and boys of violence who do these things, and then a prompt disposition of them, like having them shot against a wall or hanged in Union Square or some-

thing or other done to them that would finish them. In mining camps or frontier towns, when crime got intolerable, vigilance committees took hold in this way and killed off the bad men and got good results for order. The Ku Kluxers lean in the same direction and possibly have got some good results in some cases, but mostly bad results. Apparently what will do good in a mining camp is not beneficial in a community where there is an established provision for the maintenance of decorum and the restraint of crime. Certain detection and arrest of criminals and punishment of them is good. That restrains crime, no matter what the penalty is. But that capital punishment is good is doubted, and possibly an element in the doubt is this uncertainty as to what becomes of the spirit of the person executed or in what measure he can get back to earth to suggest and inspire new crimes in minds that for any reason are receptive. Before a generally acceptable conclusion is reached on the expediency of the hangman's rope and the electric chair, we shall have to know quite a bit more than we do at present.



ONE hundred and ten bishops of the Episcopal Church have protested in a public document against the ratification of the Lausanne treaty with Turkey, and the judgment of the more competent political authorities seems to be that they are wrong about it. "We are asked," they say, "to resume friendly relations with an avowedly unrepentant

and unchristian Government, which destroyed a million inoffensive Christian men, women and children." To which the response of dissent well disclosed in the *World* is that the treaty proposed is with Kemal's government of Turkey, and not with that of Talaat Pasha, Enver Pasha and Djemal Bey, who in 1915-16 drove a million Armenians to their death. No excessive degree of approval is vouchsafed to Kemal's government in Turkey, but at least it is not the government that destroyed a million Armenians. The argument for the treaty is that we can do more good in Turkey if we are represented there by a minister and other diplomatic and consular agents than if we are not represented.

That sounds plausible and if that part of the world which includes Eastern Europe is on the way to a drastic upset in another world disturbance, our having relations with this present Turkey would not really hinder us from taking any part that looked useful in a crisis to come. But the bishops have made us think again about that treaty, and that is good.



MR. MENCKEN, the Editor of the *American Mercury* (in green covers), is incensed because a reverend man named Chase in Boston has set the police on his April number because it had a piece in it that Mr. Chase thought was unfit for circulation.

Mr. Mencken immediately communicated with Boston to the effect that he would come there himself and sell his magazine in the street, and he requested Mr. Chase to be on hand and make sure that he was arrested, so that the case could get to court and there could be a decision on it by the judicial intelligence of Boston.

That was a proper thing to do. The article that Mr. Chase objects to and that Mr. Mencken sustains is about a village harlot. It is quite nasty but very cold-blooded and hard to beat as a purge of the passions, the which to be, Aristotle said, was the job of tragedy. Preponderantly on the side of virtue seems that article, filthy as it is.

E. S. Martin.



"IT AIN'T RIGHT!"



*E. Clive*

Embarrassing M  
The man who swore he never would





...sing Moments  
 ...ever would marry any other girl.

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Bride of the Lamb.** *Greenwich Village*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Craig's Wife.** *Morocco*—A highly successful telling of the tale of what is known as "a good housekeeper."

**The Creaking Chair.** *Lyceum*—One of those melodramas in which somebody comes back from Egypt with something from a tomb.

**Cyrano de Bergerac.** *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in one of the real plays of the world.

**Glory Hallelujah.** *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Great Gatsby.** *Ambassador*—James Rennie as Scott Fitzgerald's amiable grafter. A good play from a good book.

**The Great God Brown.** *Garrick*—A sincere and at times moving inspection of Man, by Eugene O'Neill.

**The Half-Caste.** *National*—Roquefort.

**Hush Money.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Well, it seems somebody stole a necklace.

**The Jazz Singer.** *Cort*—George Jessel as a soft-hearted Broadway boy.

**Kongo.** *Billmore*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Lulu Belle.** *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric at top form in a vivid drama of sin and shame in the colored belt.

**The Makropoulos Secret.** *Charles Hopkins*—The story of this woman who knew how to live for three hundred years sounds better than it is. Helen Menken helps.

**The Shanghai Gesture.** *Martin Beck*—Florence Reed as the revengeful proprietress of a what-shall-we-say? Just a bit lurid.

**Square Crooks.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Regulation crook stuff.

**Twelve Miles Out.** *Playhouse*—Run-running and love-making at sea.

**The Two Orphans.** *Cosmopolitan*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Young Woodley.** *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter in a beautifully handled treatment of youthful sex.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—The editor of this column was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, on September 15, 1889. He attended the public schools of that city.

**Alias the Deacon.** *Hudson*—Card-sharpping in a genial manner.

**Beau Gallant.** *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Chief Thing.** *Guild*—A slightly indistinct Russian comedy which has its moments.

**Cradle Snatchers.** *Music Box*—Oh, well, have it your own way.

**East Lynne.** *Provincetown*—Having fun with old heartaches.

**Is Zat So?** *Chanin's*—Apparently this isn't ever going to close. There is no reason why it should.

**Laff That Off.** *Wallack's*—Good staple comedy.

**The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.** *Fulton*—Very smart crooked work, participated in by Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews.

**Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.** *Sam H. Harris*—A genuine and highly satisfactory view of department-store clerks at play.

**Love-in-a-Mist.** *Gaiety*—To be reviewed later.

**Not Herbert.** *Klaw*—Amusing melodrama.

**One of the Family.** *Eltinge*—New England mother-in-law friction, with Grant Mitchell suffering.

**The Patsy.** *Booth*—Quite harmless.

**Pomeroy's Past.** *Longacre*—To be reviewed later.

**Puppy Love.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Vivian Martin in elementary farce.

**What Every Woman Knows.** *Bijou*—To be reviewed later.

**The Wisdom Tooth.** *Little*—A delightful play for nice people whose emotions are just a bit exposed.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**By the Way.** *Central*—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge in an excellent English revue.

**The Cocoanuts.** *Lyric*—Several hundred loud laughs at those comical Marx Brothers.

**Dearest Enemy.** *Knickerbocker*—Helen Ford in a very nice show.

**The Girl Friend.** *Vanderbilt*—Fast-moving and clever.

**Greenwich Village Follies.** *Shubert*—The comedy to this spectacular show has been increased by adding Moran and Mack to Tom Howard.

**Iolanthe.** *Plymouth*—To be reviewed later.

**A Night in Paris.** *Casino de Paris*—Good Broadway, with a dash of Paris.

**No, No, Nanette.** *Globe*—Still here.

**Pinafore.** *Century*—To be reviewed next week.

**Rainbow Rose.** *Forrest*—You can take the children to this one, and incidentally hear some pleasant music.

**Raquel Meller.** *Empire*—To be reviewed later.

**Song of the Flame.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—Big and Russian.

**The Student Prince.** *Jolson's*—Great heavens, is this back again?

**Sunny.** *New Amsterdam*—You can't go very far wrong on this Marilyn Miller show.

**Sweetheart Time.** *Imperial*—They have a new edition of this. It needed it.

**Tip-Toes.** *Liberty*—Very nice indeed.

**The Vagabond King.** *Casino*—Good singing.

**Vanities of 1926.** *Ear Carroll*—A girl show with lots of comedy—Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney.



HOW THE WALLS FELL

"MAKE THIS CHARLESTON HOT, BOYS, AND IF IT DOESN'T BRING DOWN THE WALLS OF JERICO, MY NAME ISN'T JOSHUA!"



### A Group of Three

THOSE hardy playgoers who survived "The Cat and the Canary" a few seasons ago will be glad to know that the same nerve-razzler, Mr. Kilbourn Gordon, has rigged up another little device with alternating currents, whereby the sitter is enabled to shock himself into insensibility every four minutes. He has called it "Kongo."

"Kongo" is probably one of the least convincing plays ever written. Not one line of the dialogue rings true. It has every known shred of hokum that ever was crammed into a voodoo melodrama. And yet something happens to your spine every so often in spite of yourself. You can lay it to the draughts in the theatre or to wet shoes, but there it is—what the specialists call a positive reaction. And although you may think to yourself that this is nothing but "White Cargo" and "Cape Smoke" over again, you have very little inclination to go home until it is all over.



PERHAPS it is the charming premise on which "Kongo" is founded that keeps you interested. At the rise of the curtain we have the following Barrie-like characters assembled for the fantasy: *Mr. Flint* (Walter Huston), who is paralyzed from the hips down and who drags himself across the floor muttering maledictions against a certain *Mr. Kregg* (who later shoots himself to escape Negro eyes watching him from bushes); *Dr. Kingsland*, the hero, who is addicted to hasheesh and for whom a temporary cure is effected by cutting his shoulder and burying him up to his neck in the swamp for the leeches to drain; *Annie*, the heroine, who has, in romping about the trading-posts, contracted a mysterious ailment called *mac-lac* or something, which affects the stomach-tissues but which turns out to be no worse than a bad cold, and *Whippy*, the comic, who has a police record and a floating kidney. *Peter Pan* does not appear, but you hear *Tinker Bell* off-stage.

This is the way "Kongo" begins. From then on anything goes. But we would like to know how *Flint* got up on the roof-tree at the end of the second act.



IT is refreshing to see a revival of an old-timer which is not done in a spirit of sophisticated kidding. "The Two Orphans," as played by an "all-star" cast at the Cosmo-

politan, is done with as much earnestness and sincerity as if it were Eugene O'Neill's latest symbolic drama. If you want to laugh, you may, but you don't have to laugh. The necessity to laugh at revivals is becoming just a bit onerous.



AS a matter of fact, we have an idea that most of the older members of the all-star troupe are, in their hearts, delighted with themselves and with the luscious speeches they have to deliver. Some of the younger ones, too, do not seem averse to the essential eye-rolling and mouthing which their rôles call for. Scratch an actor and you will find an actor, and "The Two Orphans" is the actor's Elysium.

The cast being news, we give it herewith in its more newsy items: Fay Bainter, Mary Nash, Robert Loraine, Wilton Lackaye, Henry Dixey, Robert Warwick, José Ruben, William Seymour, May Robson, Henrietta Crossman, Florence Nash and Mrs. Whiffen.

If for nothing more than as a museum piece, "The Two Orphans" justifies itself. But not for much more.



WE have often complained that Miss Alice Brady has never had a rôle into which she could set her teeth. Well, she has it now, and they meet squarely and with fine effect. In "Bride of the Lamb," William Hurlbut has given Miss Brady one of the most important characterizations of this or any season, and she carries it to the heights. As the hungry housewife who finds her sex in religious ecstasy over the person of a virile evangelist, Miss Brady gives a truly remarkable performance.



IT is also gratifying to find, in Crane Wilbur, a stage preacher who is neither hypocritical nor a satyr but a sincere worker in the vineyard struggling against pretty tough odds. And, as in "Close Harmony," Arline Blackburn maintains her title as portrayer *par excellence* of disagreeable children. It is to be hoped that the police forget their Freud long enough to give "Bride of the Lamb" a good long run.

Robert Benchley.



Agatha: HOW DID FREDDIE LOSE ALL HIS MONEY? PREFERRED STOCK?  
Harriett: NO, PREFERRED BLONDES.

### Like Father, Like Son

**L**ITTLE ALOYSIUS, son of Lucius Tupper, bustled into his father's study just when the eminent advertising authority was absorbed in thought. "Run along, son, you must not bother Daddy when he is busy with research," admonished the parent.

"I want a slogan," begged the boy.

"Why, Aloysius," replied the father, "I gave you three new ones last week. What did you do with them?"

"I traded them to Charley Blivvis for a market analysis that his father gave him," was the report.

"What!" cried Tupper. "Have you no merchandising sense at all? Whoever told you that one market analysis is worth three slogans—especially my slogans?"

"Perhaps the market analysis had a sales appeal that Aloysius could not

resist, Lucius," interposed Mrs. Tupper, who had entered the room.

"That makes no difference," retorted the parent; "I work too hard for my slogans to have them bandied about like that. I'm not a machine; with me time's a factor."

"Oh, boy!" cried little Aloysius. "There's a peach of a slogan. 'If time's a factor, use a tractor.'" And gleefully he ran from the room.

"By George," said Tupper beamingly, "the youngster's a chip of the old block."

J. W. G.

### The Perfect Gold-Digger

**JACK** (*hoarsely, over the telephone*): I've got laryngitis.

**JILL**: I want it.

### Rhymed Reviews

#### Why We Behave Like Human Beings

By George A. Dorsey

Harper & Bros.

**W**HOEVER would have thought to see  
An active, amorous ameba  
By evolution come to be  
A Solomon or Queen of Sheba!

Through fish and reptiles hard to name  
We rose, by Doctor Dorsey's showing;  
He knows, or nearly, whence we came,  
But not so surely where we're going.

We build our splendid citadels  
And deem ourselves important Monads,  
And yet we're only groups of cells  
With Hormones, Endocrines and Gonads.

Ancestral shapes of sea and wood  
Bequeathed us organs, limbs, emotions;  
A few of which are not so good,  
But most are pretty useful notions.

The best of us, a precious few,  
Acquiring finer, nobler habits,  
Are normal folks like me and you;  
And some are Menckens, some are Babbitts.

We struggle upward toward the light  
Though clogged by sloths, by passions blinded  
(The Doctor, even, isn't quite  
Inexorably open-minded);

But if we'll think before we act  
We'll justify the Protoplasm  
That set us going when it cracked  
In one sublime, creative spasm.

We've aspirations low and high,  
We're prone to strifes and disagreements,  
We're slightly crazy, which is why  
We misbehave like human beings.

Arthur Guiterman.

### Infinitesimal

**WILLIS**: A million germs live on the head of a pin.

**GILLIS**: That's a strange diet, isn't it?

**W**HY doesn't France make a ruling that if any one of her citizens gets the premiership three times he can keep it?



## Uncle George's Train Games

*Pleasant Pastimes for Commuters*

THE object of these "Train Games," as I have explained, is to help the Commuter while away the time which he too often wastes looking out of the window, reading, smoking, or—even worse—sleeping. Could anything be more degrading, more brutish, than the sight of a strong, healthy man asleep on a train in the morning, of all times, when he should be alert and just full of the old Nick? You know they always lie back in the seats with their mouths open. In my waistcoat pocket I carry a pill-box full of burnt match-ends. As

aisle beside the pile of overcoats and say, "Is this seat occupied?" You must say this as if you meant it or A, B or C will crown you with something. If you are firm, however, they will laughingly stow away the coats and welcome you right royally.

The best fun is when you get into your seat and begin to arrange your legs from the knees down. Mr. Foster, the card expert, tells me that with four people (A, B, C and D), allowing two feet to each, there are 327 possible combinations. Think of that! I have never done better than 138, on the Pelham-to-New York course, but a friend of mine who has unusually long legs has made 216.

The points in "Scrambled Legs" are made by "mating" or "pairing" your feet with those of the other players. For instance, you are sitting beside C. Your left foot and his right form the pair DLCR. Now advance your right foot toward A, who is sitting opposite you, making DRAL. See? Each time you

form a pair cry sharply "Mate" or "Check"—both are sanctioned—and proceed to re-mate.

You will find that the "first thirty" or "simple mates" are a splendid leg exercise, equaled only by driving a Ford. Soon, from a quiet motion, as if you were treading water, you will find yourself executing a veritable buck-and-wing over and among the feet of the other players. But it is when you begin to make the "compound mates" with the feet farthest from you that you will meet with difficulties which will make you realize that this is "some game," as the boys say, and that there is really something "to it." The first time I tried some of these difficult shots I was lame for a week. It is then that the legs of the players become "scrambled," from which the game gets its name.

The most finished player I know is our organist in Pelham, whose work on

(Continued on page 33)



EFFICIENCY EGBERT

HE'S TAKING UP FOREIGN LANGUAGES SO HE CAN PLANT BRUSSELS SPROUTS

I pass the sleeper I shake my pill-box lightly. You get the idea? It is really too comical. But it is important to keep passing the seat.

But what I really wanted to tell you about to-day is a much more exciting game. It is called—have you remembered what I told you some weeks ago?—it is called:

### "Scrambled Legs"

THIS is played by four persons, like bridge. Otherwise the games are not much alike. The game is begun in this way. In every car you will find the following situation: three persons (whom we shall call A, B and C) have turned over a seat so that A and B are facing forward, while C rides with his back to the engine. This leaves a fourth place unoccupied which A, B and C fill with overcoats in order to discourage any one from taking it.

The game starts merrily when you (whom we shall call D) stand in the

## Life's Own Fashion News



"HUGE RAGGED CHECKS FORM MANY DELIGHTFUL COSTUMES FOR EARLY SPRING."



"A PAIR OF ENGLISH BAGS ARE THE FASHIONABLE TROUSERS FOR MEN."



"PEPPER AND SALT MIXTURES—ALL THE RAGE FOR INFORMAL MORNING WEAR."

## the SILENT DRAMA



## The Comic Urge

OF the pictures that are on schedule for production next year, fully seventy-five per cent. are comedies, and even the subjects that come under the head of "serious drama" will undoubtedly be played, to the greatest possible extent, for comic values.

The movie producers, always slow-witted, are realizing at last the glaringly apparent fact that humor is both popular and profitable. For years, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton have been earning incredibly large sums of money; more recently Raymond Griffith, Syd Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Douglas MacLean, Johnny Hines and Reginald Denny have been coming along to reap the merry harvest of laughs.

Just at present, all the stars are developing hitherto unsuspected senses of humor. Norma Talmadge, in "Kiki," goes in for the broadest form of burlesque. Gloria Swanson, in all her pictures, goes even farther. Pola Negri is seen flirting with Chester Conklin, who used to be "Mr. Walrus" in the old Chaplin-Keystone comedies. John Gilbert, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Leatrice Joy, Lew Cody, Monte Blue, Colleen Moore, Rod La Rocque, Mae Murray, Richard Barthelmess, Adolphe Menjou, Ronald Colman—all these are swinging the slapstick with amazing fervor.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, of course, realized the value of entertainment that really entertains when they first embarked on their careers.

The stage is being combed for comical talent, W. C. Fields, Leon Errol, Beatrice Lillie, Eddie Cantor, the Four Marx

Brothers and others having lately been tempted to follow the way of all flesh to Hollywood.

Wallace Beery, once the most ominous of all the heavy villains, is now being converted into a lovable clown.

There is a frantic search, through every studio in California and New York, for gags—gags—gags.

AND, when you come to that, why not? Is there any particular reason why humor (provided it is humor) should be classified as lowbrow and, therefore, as beneath notice? As one who has spent the better part of his days filling space in *LIFE*, my answer is "No!"

It has always seemed to me that the movies reached their highest level of artistry in those pictures that were most frankly, most unashamedly funny. To my way of thinking, the pompous platitudes of a David Wark Griffith or a Cecil B. De Mille appear cheap and sordid when compared with the knockabout buffooneries of Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton.

Furthermore, my intense admiration for such directors as Ernst Lubitsch, F. W. Murnau (who made "The Last Laugh"), Erich von Stroheim and Malcolm St. Clair is based primarily on their ability to achieve satire on the screen.

FOR these reasons, I have no cause to regret the trend toward comedy. At the same time, I hope fervently that the producers will remember that there is nothing so dismal, in heaven, on earth, or in the waters under the earth, as un-funny humor.

I've seen some of that, too, in the movies—and elsewhere.

R. E. Sherwood.

## Recent Developments

**The Barrier.** Beautiful to look at, but scant food for thought.

**The New Klondike.** Thomas Meighan as a ball player in Florida, with the late land boom in the background.

**The Untamed Lady.** A modern "Taming of the Shrew," with Gloria Swanson.

**The Bat.** Fairly effective comedy-melodrama.

**Fascinating Youth.** A bevy of young ladies and gentlemen in a thoroughly childish story.

**The First Year.** Pleasant but unexciting treatise on marital troubles.

**Miss Brewster's Millions.** Bebe Daniels in an orgy of extravagance which is sometimes funny.

**The Cave Man.** Pretty consistently

comical farce, about a coal heaver in society.

**Irene.** Colleen Moore in another musical comedy.

**The Torrent.** Greta Garbo, a flashy new star, as a thwarted seductress.

**La Bohème.** The old, old story of blighted love in Montmartre, with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert doing what they can.

**Dancing Mothers.** The neglected wife, unusual only in that the part is not played by Irene Rich.

**Mare Nostrum.** Beautiful scenes in the submarine zone during the War.

**Three Faces East.** Another war melodrama, in which every one is a spy.

**The Grand Duchess and the Waiter.** A thoroughly delightful picture.

**What Happened to Jones.** Reginald Denny tries every gag at least once.

**Partners Again.** Genuine Potash and Perlmutter for about two reels. After that...

**The Black Bird.** Dark doings in Limehouse, with Lon Chaney.

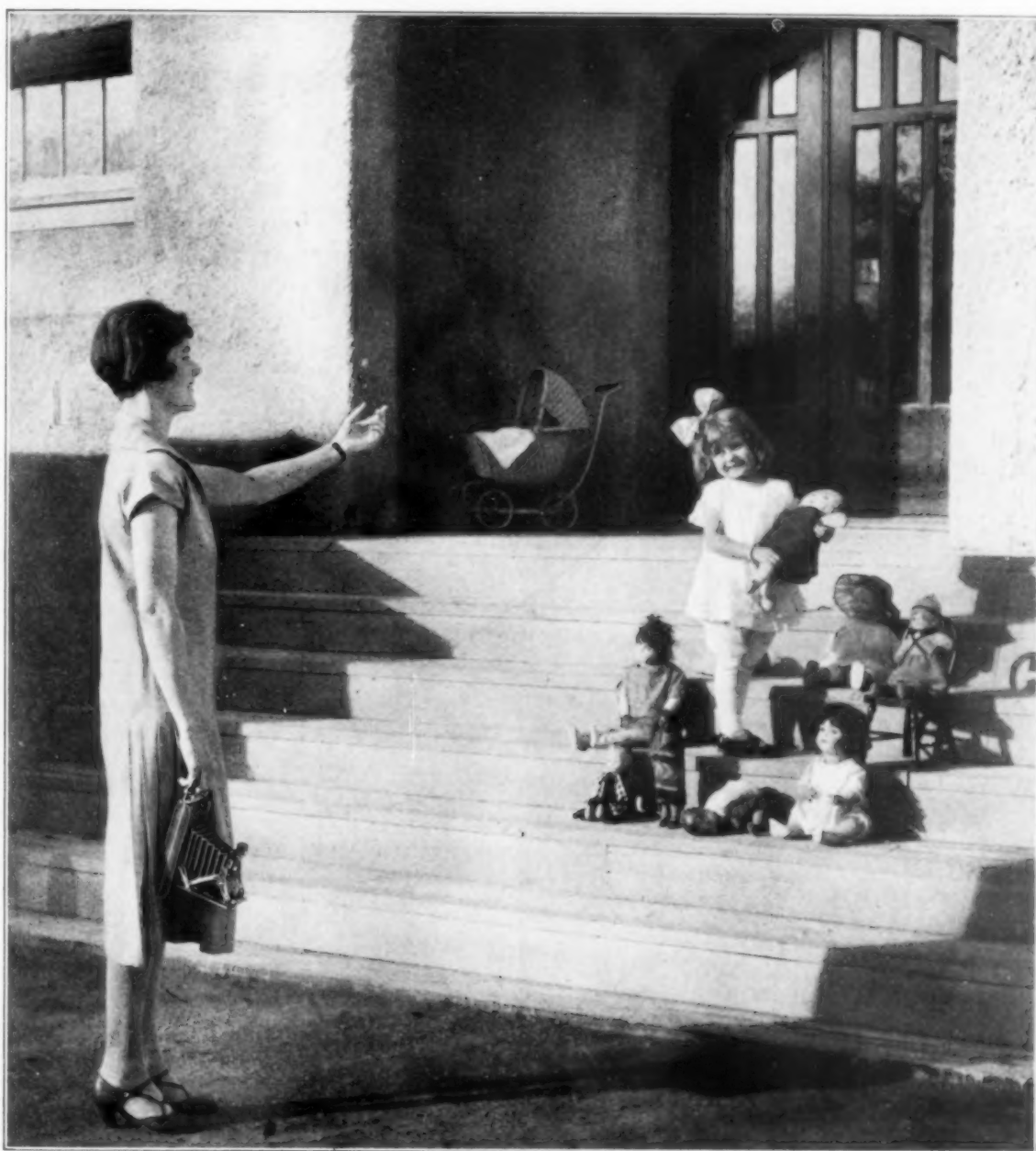
**Oh, What a Nurse!** Syd Chaplin again in skirts.

**The Vanishing American.** A fine performance by Richard Dix in an uneven story.

**Memory Lane.** Extremely nice.

**Ben-Hur.** Indescribably lavish.

**The Black Pirate, Moana, The Merry Widow, Stella Dallas, Lady Windermere's Fan and The Big Parade** are all recommended.



*Keep a Kodak story of the children*

*Autographic Kodaks, \$5 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



### The First Sunday

"And is my child smart!" said the proud mother. "He knows all about the Bible. Tell the man, Junior, how many days the earth was made in."

"God made the heaven and earth in six days," was the child's reply.

"And what happened on the seventh?" inquired the mother.

"He was arrested," came the answer.

—*New York Evening World.*

### Behind the Scenes

MRS. BIM: Harry took part in an amateur play last night and to-day he's so hoarse he can hardly talk.

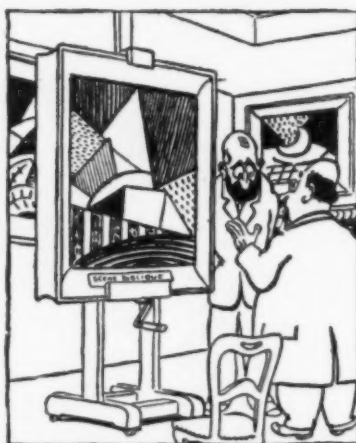
MRS. BAM: Oh, he was the leading man, then?

"No, he was the prompter."

—*Toronto Goblin.*

### No Delusion About the Latter

From a divorce report—"She claims that marriage is nothing but a delusion and a snore."—*Boston Transcript.*



MODERN PAINTING

"AND YOU ASSURE ME THAT THIS PAINTING IS SUITABLE FOR YOUNG LADIES TO LOOK AT WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT?"

—*Le Rire (Paris.)*

### What Every Editor Knows

We venture to quote without signature or other identifying evidence a recent letter from a would-be contributor whose work might perhaps represent the low-water mark in literary availability:

"Dear Sir

"I take Pleasure in getting Acquainted.

"I have a Present a short story of about 800 words. And I also have some Jocks, and tingly cracks.

"I would like to Know if you can use eney of these enclosed find self addressed and stamped envelop for reply.

"Your's Truly,——"

—*Harper's.*

### Bygones

DAUGHTER: I've just accepted Mr. Offleigh, Mother.

MOTHER: Gracious, child! I refused him myself twenty-five years ago.

DAUGHTER: I know; we've just had a good laugh about it.—*Punch.*

"My first was a robber, my second an idiot, and my third is—"

"What's this—an acrostic?"

"No, I'm talking about my chauffeurs."

—*Le Monde Illustré (Paris).*

DISTANCE lends enchantment even to the radio program.—*Miami News.*

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"MIS' GLADYS SHE DONE GONE OUT OF TOWN, YASSUH. SHE LEF' WORD—OH, IS THAT YOU, JIMMY?"

"SURE IT IS—BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE COON DIALECT?"

"PROTECTIVE COLORATION, DEAR."



# John Davey's great contribution to America



John Davey was born in England, June 6, 1846, at a time when there were no public schools. This hardy and humble genius was twenty-one before he knew his A B C's. So he started in as a full grown young man to learn to read by the slow and painful process of self-education. He began with a little copy of the New Testament and a small dictionary, picking out one word at a time. Later he acquired a grammar so that he might put the words together properly, meanwhile studying horticulture and landscape gardening during a full apprenticeship at Torquay, England.

Then he heard the call of America, this great land of freedom and opportunity; and, like millions of other sturdy sons of Europe, he came here to work out his destiny. He pursued his education still further, working by day and studying by night, until he acquired an education that would do credit to the majority of college graduates.

Perhaps one of the most striking things about him was the fact that he became one of the finest Americans. He learned every word of our Constitution. He learned every word of every verse of America and the Star Spangled Banner; and, until old age laid its heavy hand upon him, he could sing those songs with a zeal that was good to see.

He became a full citizen at the first opportunity under our law, and to him it was a sacred day when he raised his right hand and



JOHN DAVEY, Father of Tree Surgery, "Do it right or not at all!"

forswore allegiance to the British crown and swore allegiance to the Constitution and the flag of America. And always, during his fifty years of life in his adopted country whenever he passed by Old Glory, he would tip his hat in veneration.

John Davey saw with eyes of understanding the appalling neglect and butchery of America's trees, and he set out to find a way—a systematic, scientific way—to save them, little dreaming that a great business would be developed on the science that his love and genius created. And thus came into being the wonderful profession of Tree Surgery.

His first book, *The Tree Doctor*, was published in 1901, and then began the gradual development of The Davey Tree Expert Company, incorporated in 1909, doing a business

of nearly \$2,000,000 in 1925, and now having in the field nearly 700 master Tree Surgeons, all carefully selected, thoroughly trained, properly disciplined, and regularly supervised, and giving superior service to the tree owners of America. For twenty years the business of this institution has been managed by his son, Martin L. Davey, whose highest aim has been to perpetuate the ideals and philosophy of his pioneer father.

John Davey, though not now living, still lives in the spirit and purpose of the magnificent service that he rendered his adopted country—he taught the American people to think in terms of the living tree. Greater even than his creation of the invaluable science of Tree Surgery is his contribution as the apostle of the tree as a living thing.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., INC., 426 CITY BANK BLDG., KENT, OHIO

Branch offices with telephones: New York, 501 Fifth Ave., phone: Murray Hill 1629; Albany, City Savings Bank Bldg.; Boston, Massachusetts Trust Bldg.; Philadelphia, Land Title Bldg.; Baltimore, American Bldg.; Washington, Investment Bldg.; Pittsburgh, 331 Fourth Ave.; Buffalo, 110 Franklin St.; Cleveland, Hippodrome Bldg.; Detroit, General Motors Bldg.; Cincinnati, Mercantile Library Bldg.; Indianapolis, Fletcher Savings and Trust Bldg.; Chicago, Westminster Bldg.; St. Louis, Arcade Bldg.; Kansas City, Scarratt Bldg.; Minneapolis, Andrus Bldg.; Montreal, Insurance Exchange Bldg.

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Live and work in your vicinity—quickly available, within easy motoring distance—no carfare charged

The real thing  
in college novels

## Glitter

By KATHARINE BRUSH

\$2.00 At all Bookstores

MINTON BALCH & COMPANY  
17 East 45th Street New York

BEGGAR: Spare a copper, sir. I've 'ad no food for three days, an' my widdler an' my two orphans is starvin'.

—London Opinion.



Carrie was a careful girl!

You can't imagine Mr. Noel Coward's cagey little heroine ruining a Lanvin robe de style or neglecting "her noble earl"—all to furnish orange juice for a party! Carrie would have had a Seald Sweet Juice Extractor long ago.

Why spoil your personal scenery and the shooting in general by staying out in the pantry with the citrus fruit? A slipping, sliding juice squeezer can absolutely ruin a young girl's chances in life!

Sign on the dotted line today and get yourself a Seald Sweet Extractor!

A few turns of the handle and mighty grape-fruit or tiny orange becomes an empty shell indeed. The juice extracting is clean, quick and thorough—far superior to any hand work.

And it will bring you the happy change of that splendid drink—and mixer—grapefruit juice!

Remember, there's  $\frac{1}{4}$  more juice in Florida Seald Sweet Oranges and Grape-Fruit.

The Seald Sweet Extractor gets all the luscious juice from each Seald Sweet orange or grape-fruit. Its regular price is \$3.00—postage prepaid. \$3.25 West of the Rockies. We will send it to you for \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet orange or grape-fruit wrappers.

Check & mail the coupon



The Florida Citrus Exchange  
Tampa, Florida

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$3.00—\$3.25

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet orange and grape-fruit wrappers.

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### "Pioneer Life"

(A Schoolgirl's Composition)

Once upon a time man went to get ready to go to town, he got his gun, and his food, and his cloths, and went out to get his hours, and he got his satell and satelled his hours, and saed good By to his wief and started of.

he saw a deer he started to shoot it But Mised it.

and wen he got to town he got his grocreis and started Back home.

he saw a rabbet and shot the rabbet and took it home and lived happy ever after.—American Legion Weekly.

### Worse and Worse

Shortly after an indignant neighbor woman had gone into the Brown home, Mrs. Brown came to the door and called her son.

"William," she said, "Mrs. Crabbe here tells me that you called her an old fool. Did you?"

"Yes'm."

"Well," sighed his distracted mother, "I am glad you are truthful."

And now she wonders why Mrs. Crabbe doesn't speak to her.

—Country Gentleman.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Scenic Super-Feature

To warn against forest fires, a big electric sign showing "a fire sweeping through a stand of virgin timber" is to be placed on the main trunk roads leading to our wooded areas. "A good ad," the tourists probably will say. "Think I'll go to that fire. Where is it?"

—E. C. A., in Detroit News.

### Hurry!

A country boy who had never seen a circus before was walking around the tent, when one of the clowns lifted up the flap and stepped outside for a little air. Running to the ticket taker, the boy cried excitedly:

"Hey, mister, yer clown's loose!"

—America's Humor.

### Exposed

"Well, Algy, I hear you have taken up walking as the doctor ordered. How does it go?"

"Seems a bit awkward at first, without a windshield."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"He's frightfully old-fashioned!"

"How come?"

"He wants to drink from a glass."

—Toronto Telegram.

MANY of the new garages are being built with houses attached.

—Ohio State Journal.

## STOPS



### SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York

Paris

Montreal

London



### Questionnaire

In parts of America a man has to answer one hundred questions before he gets married. He does here, too, but they are all alike: "Are you sure you love me?"—Passing Show (London).



## Lose 20 lbs.

In this easy way

There is an easy, pleasant, scientific way for attaining proper weight. It has proved itself for 18 years. Countless people all around you show its good results.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, now in world-wide use. No unusual exercise or diet is required. People now use over a million boxes yearly, and excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was.

You should know Marmola. We state every ingredient and tell you how and why it acts. When you know it you will use it until you reach the slenderness you wish. Find out the facts in justice to yourself.

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**Free**

2042



*"What do you think of those Kelly-Springfields, Joe?"*

*"To tell you the truth, Ed, I don't think of them at all. They came on the car and they've never been off the rims. Tire trouble is one thing I don't have to worry about."*



## Fun in the Senate

(From The Congressional Record)

"MR. SHORTRIDGE. I am a 100 per cent plus Republican.

"Mr. NORRIS. Plus?

"Mr. SHORTRIDGE. Yes.

"Mr. NORRIS. The Senator is like the storekeeper about whom I heard during the war. There were only two stores in the town, and the owner of one placed a sign in his window reading, 'We are 100 per cent American. We hate Germany; we hate England; we hate France; we hate Italy; and we hate Russia.' The competitor, in order not to be outdone, after he saw that sign and thought he would lose his

trade, stuck up in his window a sign reading, 'We are 200 per cent American; we hate everybody.' [Laughter.]"

## Why Discriminate?

BECAUSE it is (see advertisements) "a brute in name, brute in power, brute in size, brute in endurance," the latest product of the commercial motor truck industry has been officially named "Big Brute." And out of the din of traffic, wherever trucks are trucks, comes the protesting chorus: "Aren't we all?"



## Keeps Your Hair Neat— Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes

it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

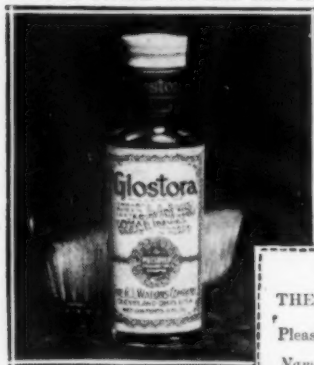
It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

## Send This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 26-G-188  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

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Address.....

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Watch your gums—  
bleeding a sign of trouble



FOR  
THE GUMS

BRUSH YOUR TEETH  
WITH IT

FORMULA OF

R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

NEW YORK CITY

SPECIALIST IN  
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE  
PRESCRIPTION OF THE  
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's  
FOR  
THE  
GUMS

AS sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that bug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact. And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

Formulated  
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.  
FORHAN CO.  
New York  
Forhan's, Ltd.  
Montreal

## To Any N. P. Ed.

FOR Willie's jag and Susie's shame  
The current editorial drones  
Are oft inclined to lay the blame  
On taxicabs and saxophones.

Why tax the cab as being vile,  
Corrupting, vicious, ultra-bad,  
And fail to castigate, the while,  
Its occupant, the taxicad?

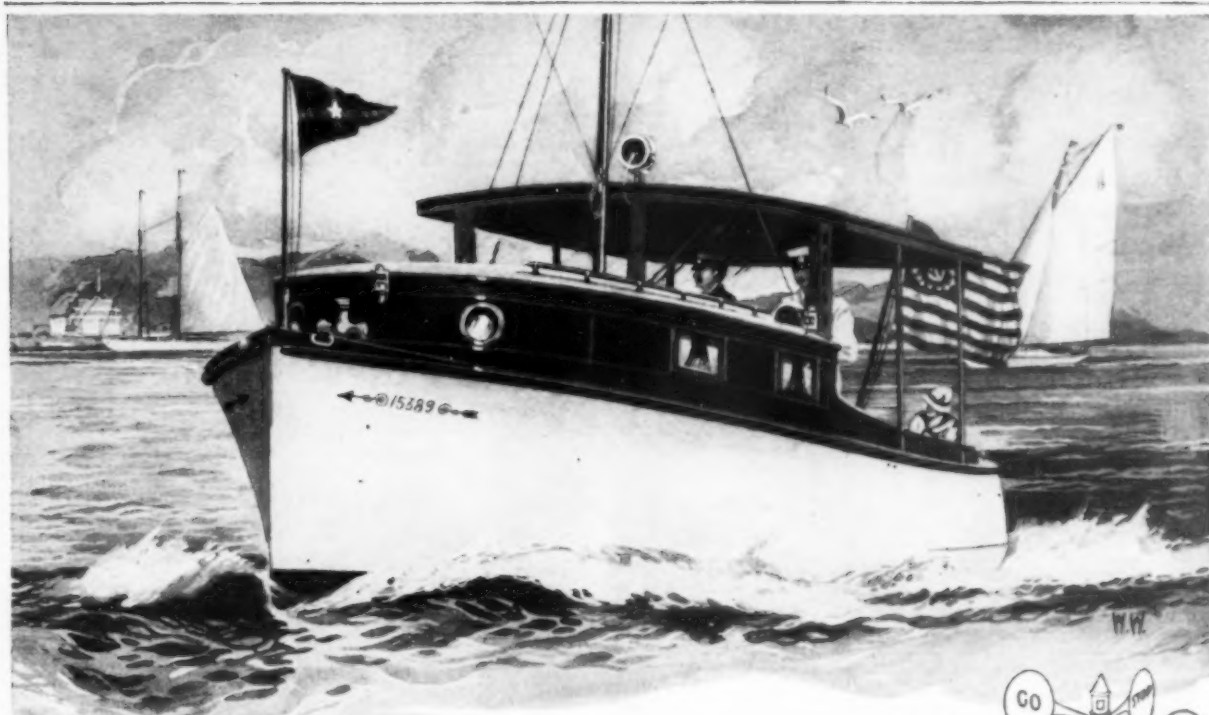
And why decry the euphonious sax  
In nasty gibe and righteous drool,  
And yet exempt from all attacks  
Its satellite, the saxofool?

I'd rather smugly vent my spleen  
And split infinitives censorial  
Upon that fictioneer serene,  
To wit, the writer editorial.

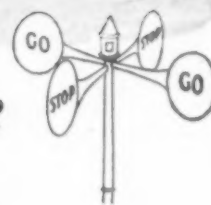
Don Knowlton.

ENGLAND'S "Hamlet" in modern clothes has inspired Vienna to put on "King Lear" in rubber armor. Now for a Coolidge-economy "Antony and Cleopatra."





*Far away from seething traffic  
and dusty, sun-baked streets*



**H**ERE'S the greatest sport of all—cruising over cool, blue waters! Try it this summer . . . wherever you are, inland or on the coasts . . . and you'll enjoy the finest vacation you have ever spent.

Cruising is quite different from anything you have tried before. It takes you away from hot, dusty, crowded places . . . it brings new thrills and adventures . . . it acts as a tonic for tired nerves and a jaded appetite. You are independent—free to go

where you please and do what you please. No trouble about hotel reservations. No worry about finding a place to eat or to sleep. For, on board your Elco Cruiser, you have a galley for real cooking, and plenty of comfortable berths for your family and your friends.

Start planning now for a glorious season afloat. Write for prices and specifications and for the interesting booklet L entitled, "Motor Cruising—a Glorious Adventure."

**Motor Cruising  
no longer a luxury**

For 34 years Elco has manufactured fine motor boats exclusively.

Today, instead of making a few at a time, we build Elco Cruisers by the hundreds.

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Los Angeles Distributor  
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MOTOR BOAT CO.  
6157 Hollywood Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

# Elco



THE HOME AFLOAT



**"Don't blame your razor blades — blame yourself," said Sherwood. "It's up to you, old man."**

"What do you mean, it's up to me?" snapped Mason.

"Why! you can have keen blades if you want them. A few turns in a Twinplex Stroppler and those same blades you swear at will shave like a dream."

"But it's new blades I'm kicking about," said Mason. "Why should I strop a new blade?"

"Why shouldn't you?" asked Sherwood. "Razor blades have delicate, sensitive edges, easily affected by temperature changes and other conditions after they leave the factory. You've got to give them a good stropping just before you shave."

"Never thought of that," replied Mason. "Will Twinplex smooth them out to their original keenness?"

"You bet it will — just a few turns will do the trick," said Sherwood enthusiastically. "Just shave once with a new blade stropped on Twinplex and you'll never again shave with an unstropped blade."

## FREE A New Blade TWINPLEXED

Name your razor and we will send you free a new blade stropped on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade. For 15 years Twinplex Stropplers have been sold at leading stores all over the world. They're guaranteed for 10 years. You can buy one on approval if you like. Ask your dealer for one. Single Edge \$3.00. Double Edge \$3.50 and \$5.00.

**TWINPLEX SALES CO.**  
1747 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York London Chicago Montreal



**Twinplex Stropplers**  
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

## Among the New Books

**The Love Nest.** By Ring Lardner (*Scribner*). Excellent and characteristic short stories collected for the benefit of those who do not read the magazines.

**When We Were Rather Older.** By Fairfax Downey, with illustrations by Jefferson Machamer (*Minton, Balch*). An attempt to carry on what A. A. Milne started.

**The Woman Tempted.** By the Countess of Cathcart (*Macaulay*). When lovely woman stoops to folly, she is lucky to come out of it with material for copy. Or to think she does.

**So They Played Bridge—and How!** By Hugh Tuite (*Simon & Schuster*). An effort to sugarcoat the rules by putting them into narrative form.

**It's Not Done.** By William C. Bullitt (*Harcourt, Brace*). A novel setting forth the difficulties which an essential aristocrat encounters in the modern scene.

**They Had to See Paris.** By Homer Croy (*Harper*). An American oil king and his retinue make the trip in the grand, mock-heroic manner.

**Demigods.** By John Biggs, Jr. (*Scribner*). The tragedy of a power-crazed man.

**Men and Horses.** By Ross Santee (*Century*). Twenty stories and one hundred sketches by a cowboy artist-author who knows his West.

**Plays.** By John Galsworthy (*Scribner*). Sixth series, containing "The Forest," "Old English," and "The Show."

**The Dean and Jecinora.** By Victor L. Whitechurch (*Duffield*). The unexpected doings of a dean on vacation.

**Fix Bayonets!** By John W. Thomason, Jr. (*Scribner*). A vivid contribution to American military history.

**January Garden.** By Melville Cane (*Harcourt, Brace*). Verses about this and that, some of which have been printed in these columns.

**Challenge.** By Joan Sutherland (*Harper*). Love and adventure against fashionable and international back-grounds.

**The Social Side of Diplomatic Life.** By Maude Parker Child (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An ex-Ambassador's wife's lively account of what a good deal of it was about.

**Child of the Wild.** By Edison Marshall (*Cosmopolitan*). Out in the Alaskan open air.

**Hill-Billy.** By Rose Wilder Lane (*Harper*). Much the same thing in the Ozarks.

**Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi.** By George Devol (*Holt*). One who has lived to remember it tells the tale.

**The Origin of the Next War.** By John Bakeless (*The Viking Press*). Crossing a bridge which nobody wants to come to.

**Pattering Feet.** By Arthur S. Bourinot (*Graphic Co.*). A book of childhood verses.

**When the Fight Begins.** By Holman Day (*Small, Maynard*). The tale of a Western politician who mislaid his soul.

**The High Adventure.** By Jeffery Farnol (*Little, Brown*). Or what, for three hundred and fifty pages, happened to Jeremy.

**The Pride of the Town.** By Dorothy Walworth Carman (*Harper*). Two young artists up against the Main Street menace.



## Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

# LIQUID ARVON

## Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was sure he could not have made a lot more money if he had gone into some other business.

## PIG IRON

by CHARLES G. NORRIS

has been reviewed in 51 different cities from Maine to California.

Its readers agree that seldom has a novel combined a story so vigorous with so sincere a study of American life.



A NOVEL OF SUCCESS AND DISILLUSION

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## Avoid Imitations



Safe Milk

and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

### Then and Now

WHEN Grandma was a youthful miss

She didn't paint her face;  
She never smoked a cigarette;  
She always knew her place.

She didn't wear her dresses  
Up well beyond the knees;  
She didn't shock the world at large;  
She didn't chase the he's.

She didn't go on auto rides  
'Way back in 'eighty-seven;  
She didn't do a lot of things  
To keep her out of heaven.

She didn't stay out late at night;  
She didn't roll her socks;  
She didn't dance the Charleston;  
She didn't bob her locks.

She didn't do these little things,  
She didn't, we'll allow;  
But, if she didn't do them then,  
Why does she do them now?

R. C. O'Brien.



When the finest cost  
but a quarter for twenty—

"Why not  
Smoke the  
Finest?"



25¢ FOR TWENTY

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE

## Krementz correct evening jewelry



### Not Every Man Knows

The man with whom the wearing of evening clothes is not an every-day affair is sometimes at a loss to know what is correct for the occasion. For his jewelry let him remember that this is the recognized form: the vest buttons must always match the studs and links. This is absolutely essential for tuxedo or full dress wear. A point to bear in mind when purchasing evening jewelry for a gift.

Krementz jewelry is correct for evening wear. Not only is it stylish in design but it looks well. Its quality is apparent. Authorities acknowledge it as standard. A much desired feature is the bodkin-clutch,—that sure-holding back on the studs and vest buttons. Most of the better dealers carry Kremmentz evening jewelry exclusively. Each set in a rich gift case.

A copy of our new booklet with Correct Dress chart is waiting for you. Write for it!

KREMENTZ & COMPANY  
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



This link shows the design of Full Dress Set illustrated—No. 2185, White Mother-of-Pearl centers, Rolled Platinum Rims. Set consists of pair of links, 3 studs, 4 vest buttons. Price, complete, \$20.



### Uncle George's Train Games

(Continued from page 23)

the pedals gives him tremendous speed and accuracy. He would be a champion if his legs were longer. Not the least fun lies in the fact that at first A, B and C do not know that they are in the game. They simply think that you have St. Vitus' Dance. But the sport is infectious, and if you keep at it you will soon have them jigging away with the best of them.

In the last game I played a big butter-and-egg man from New Rochelle said, as we reached the Grand Central, "Excuse me, Brother, but is that your

foot or mine?" That's how "scrambled" we were.

Just a word of warning. Play clean, with no unnecessary roughness, kneeling, ankle-hooking or "dirty" footwork—practices which are both dangerous and unsportsmanlike.

In my next article I will describe one of the jolliest pastimes in the world, called "Tally-Ho," which is played by two conductors and all the passengers. It is just oodles of fun!

George S. Chappell.

### Modernized Sayings

THE 1926 GIRL—"In time of peace prepare to walk."



## Here Is the Garter a Half Million Men are Demanding



### Because:

It is tailored in sizes to eliminate the adjustment feature's faults—the bunches of fabric folded over metal and the doubled webbing where elasticity is lost. It fits the leg with utmost flexibility. It is a safeguard against and a relief for varicose veins and weak arches. It gives the greatest support with the least pressure.

It will provide you with a delightful new sense of buoyance in your step, months of supreme garter comfort such as you never will know until you wear E. Z.'s.



Recommended by  
Doctors-Endorsed  
by Athletes

**EZ**

The Original  
Wide Web Garter

At your dealer's or by mail for fifty cents with your name, address and calf measure.

The THOMAS P. TAYLOR CO.  
Dept. L. Bridgeport, Conn.

## Ten Minutes More for Breakfast

And time to smile at the Wife. If you shave with Barbasol. Quick, cool, clean. No brush. No rub-in. Try it—three times—according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.



**For Modern Shaving**

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 15)

profound reflections that ever I had in my life, almost, in especial of how right Edna St. Vincent Millay is when she says that April is not enough, and how I am but now beginning to find out for myself things which the philosophers knew and were desperate over. But if they could not do aught about them, there is no reason in imagining that I can, therefore I do mean to step softly, nor let anybody know how wise I am become, which will not be a difficult thing for a woman who is afraid to light a gas stove and cross the street to do, and is certainly a more sensible one than getting hold of some hemlock by mistake when searching for a simple household remedy, an accident of which such frequent mention is made in the journals. So up and did on my bravest raiment, and forth to join Marge Boothby at an inn for luncheon, finding the poor wretch in great distress because the false chignon which she is wearing whilst letting her hair grow long again had dropped off in the street and she was shamed to answer affirmatively when the man who retrieved it asked if it were hers, albeit she had laid out thirty-four dollars for it. But we ate a fine meal, notwithstanding, for are not the great packing houses famed throughout the world, whereas morticians have but a negligible local celebrity?...Home all the evening, reading in the journals, and amazed at the platitudinous and frequently erroneous answers which Dr. Cadman, the preacher, makes to his readers. Lord! I would I had such a chance of setting forth my opinions on this and that, for I can imagine no easier or more delightful way of earning a living. And I should guarantee to give the populace more and merrier for its money than the upright and unworldly gentlemen who seem to be the only persons to whom such forums are entrusted.... This day I did have my first bunch of spring violets.

Baird Leonard.

## A Nucleus

"WHAT'S old Nibbs going to do with that coonskin coat he found alongside the road?"

"Says as soon as he finds an empty gin bottle to go with it he's going to establish a college."

**E**ASY road to wealth: Take a four-year course in some college—then buy a good fast motor-boat and bring the stuff in from across the border.

"It's the usual thing . . . like the fresh collar and shirt," says DAVIS, banker



he means

## GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

THE shower, the shave, fresh linen, and Glo-Co Hair Dressing! All part of the morning routine when the man's a man of success. Glo-Co Hair Dressing keeps his hair neat all day—without the artificial look men dislike.

It's good for the scalp too. Stimulates the hair roots to new growth and helps keep dandruff away. Your doctor would recommend it. Guard against dandruff and baldness with a Glo-Co treatment each week.

Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing to the scalp, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather of this marvelous shampoo frees the scalp from every trace of dandruff and bacteria.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing or Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 50c. Glo-Co Company, Inc., 6311 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, California.



**See the  
Orient**

From San Francisco a magnificent President Liner sails every Saturday for Hawaii, Japan, China, the Philippines, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and Los Angeles.

Also fortnightly sailings from Boston and New York for the Orient and Round the World via Havana, Panama and California.

Rare comfort, excellent cuisine. Full information from any ticket agent or

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**DOLLAR  
STEAMSHIP LINE**



## Would You Enjoy a Trip to Europe FREE?



Probably you would. In that case, you will want to engage in

### Life's

#### TRAVEL CONTEST

announcement of which will be made within two weeks.

Every one is eligible to compete in the TRAVEL CONTEST, and the winner will be rewarded with a trip to Europe—a six weeks' vacation in France and England, for two people, with all expenses paid. Thus the winner may take along any one whom he or she may select as a traveling companion.

In addition to the European trip for the winner, there will be cash prizes for those who are rated, by the judges, as runners-up in the contest.

\* \*

This is Joan Kinley (aged sixteen), who has already sailed on the S.S. Paris for Europe to direct the progress of LIFE'S TRAVEL CONTEST. Watch for Joan's letters from Paris and London.

ing the CLEAN, MOVIE, COMMENCEMENT, BROADWAY and GOLF Numbers.

Why not invest a dollar now in ten happy weeks of LIFE, and a possible trip to Europe as an added attraction?

**Join LIFE'S TRAVEL CONTEST**  
*And See the World!*

#### LIFE

598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40)

(409)

By the Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

## Keep your muscles limber.

WORK the stiffness out of lame, sore muscles with applications of Absorbine, Jr. The magic bottle quickly takes the ache away from tired muscles—makes them feel new again.

Absorbine, Jr. wakes up the circulation. It combats congestion. Before you know it you are fit again for work or play.

The use of Absorbine, Jr. prevents second-day stiffness—and this is but one of the many uses. It is equally effective for tired feet—blisters—callouses—cuts and bruises.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid  
Send for free trial bottle  
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.  
Springfield, Mass.



## Absorbine Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Sore Throat  
Chapped Hands

Other Timely Uses:  
Burns and Scalds

Cuts and Bruises  
Strains and Sprains



"WELL, I CALL THAT RUBBING IT IN! OUR HOSTESS WINS A HUNDRED DOLLARS FROM US AT BRIDGE AND THE ONLY THING IN THE GUEST ROOM TO READ IS 'FIRST PRINCIPLES OF AUCTION BRIDGE.'"



# Life

## CARTOON COMEDIES

### *The Mirth of a Nation on the Screen*

**L**IFE is going into the movies!

The same men who edit and publish America's first and foremost humorous magazine are now preparing a series of cartoon comedies, which will reproduce, on the screen, the brilliant type of humor that has made LIFE famous.

LIFE's movie productions will not be two-fisted melodramas of the open spaces—or even daring exposés of social hypocrisy in New York's Four Hundred; they will be comedies, designed primarily to make people laugh.

That has been the mission of LIFE for forty-four years—to make people laugh. These comedies will serve to increase the scope of LIFE's activities as a medium of entertainment.

The **Life CARTOON COMEDIES** will be released through the Educational Films Corporation, the acknowledged leader in the distribution of short pictures.

### *Motion Picture Theatre Owners:*

There are readers of LIFE in every city, town and hamlet in the United States and Canada. They appreciate the high reputation of the magazine itself, and they will watch eagerly for Life **CARTOON COMEDIES**. Twenty-six of these comedies will be released, starting in July. Ask your local Educational exchange about them. They will put LIFE into your program.

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

### *Originality*

will be the distinguishing feature of the **Life CARTOON COMEDIES**. The old hokum will be studiously avoided.

Brightness, Gaiety, Cheerfulness, and Spontaneity—the qualities that are to be found in LIFE itself—will be evident in every picture.

The **Life CARTOON COMEDIES** are based on ideas that appear in the magazine. The most celebrated humorists in America will, therefore, be available for contributions to this series.

The characters in the **Life CARTOON COMEDIES** are animals, not unlike the animals that emerge from the imaginative brain of T. S. Sullivant. Their adventures will be wild, hilarious and utterly illogical; but they will be funny.

The actual preparation of the comedies is supervised by the editors of LIFE—Charles Dana Gibson, R. E. Sherwood and Robert Benchley. The productions are under the direction of Mason M. Wadsworth and other men with wide experience in motion pictures.

The first of the **Life CARTOON COMEDIES** is

#### *"Red Hot Rails,"*

a gripping thriller in which the Westbound Limited surprises every one by arriving on time.

#### *The second comedy, "The Missing Link,"*

is the tender love story of a frankfurter who went astray.

Watch for the **Life CARTOON COMEDIES**. They will fill a long-felt want in the movies.





## A famous professional woman speaks to American women-owners

About to build a home, the successful business man seeks the best architectural talent available—and, of it, demands the utmost in experience, originality, resourcefulness . . .

When Madame herself would have expert counsel and co-operation as to decorative effects and home-furnishings de luxe, she enlists the aid of an advisor of recognized standing—by preference, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, of Paris, London and New York.

What Miss de Wolfe—premier interior decorator—sees in the Willys-Knight Great Six, its tens of thousands of discerning American women-owners see—

An exterior of exquisite beauty—the nearest to smart perfection yet achieved in motor-car design . . . Its interior—an inviting expanse of automobile; done throughout in rich, heavily-piled Mohair Velour—a subtle cloister-blue, with a beautiful silver bloom . . . Window panels, dash, and door panels are of genuine walnut, inlaid in dull gold; door handles, door-releases, window-lifts—all hardware is antique silver



*"It has a really charming effect . . . Quite obviously someone with a true sense of the fitness of things conceived the appointments of this motor-car."*

(Signed) Elsie de Wolfe

type, of chaste, conservative design.

Opalescent corner side-lights and ceiling light with separate ebony switches set in antique silver design, smart, antique silver type vanity case, match holder and ash receiver in compartmented walnut case; heavily upholstered arm rests, comfortably carpeted foot rest; gear-shift with ornate Onyx knob; deep, restful, luxurious-cushioned seats the ne plus ultra of the upholsterer's craft . . .

In the Willys-Knight Great Six is present every known convenience and

elegance ever built into an automobile—everything in exquisite good-taste, not a jarring note anywhere, each item of its appointments supplementing the other in beauty and comfort, all harmonizing perfectly with the entire color-ensemble of the car . . .

And this superb automobile is driven by the silent, super-efficient Knight sleeve-valve engine—the only known motor-mechanism that *improves* with use. A sweet-running car, powerful, quiet, smooth, from the first turn of the engine, the power-plant of your Willys-Knight Great Six—to a mileage-mark still undetermined after 18 years of use—*improves* in power, *improves* in activity, *improves* in smooth and silent operation with each succeeding mile!

Today the Willys-Knight Great Six may be purchased more conveniently than ever before. The new WILLYS FINANCE PLAN offers easy time-payment terms at the lowest credit-cost in the industry.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio  
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# WILLYS-KNIGHT *Great* SIX

*"with an Engine you'll never wear out"*



WHENEVER you think of Ginger Ale, think also of this—

There is just one Ginger Ale which enjoys *world-wide* reputation and regard.

This is Cantrell & Cochrane's Ginger Ale—

If you would experience the true deliciousness of Ginger Ale—either alone or mixed with other beverages—ask for "C & C" Dry or "C & C" Aromatic at your hotel, club, or favorite fountain, on shipboard or trains, and at your own home merchant's.

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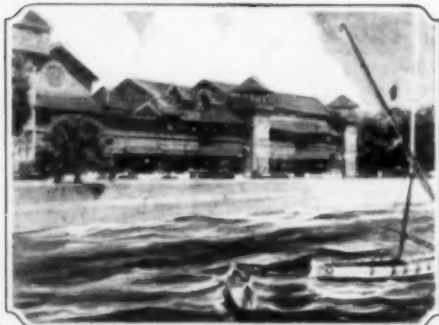
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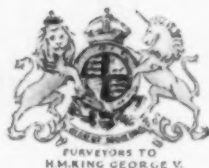
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*Ginger Ale*  
*Standard the World Over*  
*for Seventy-Five Years*



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